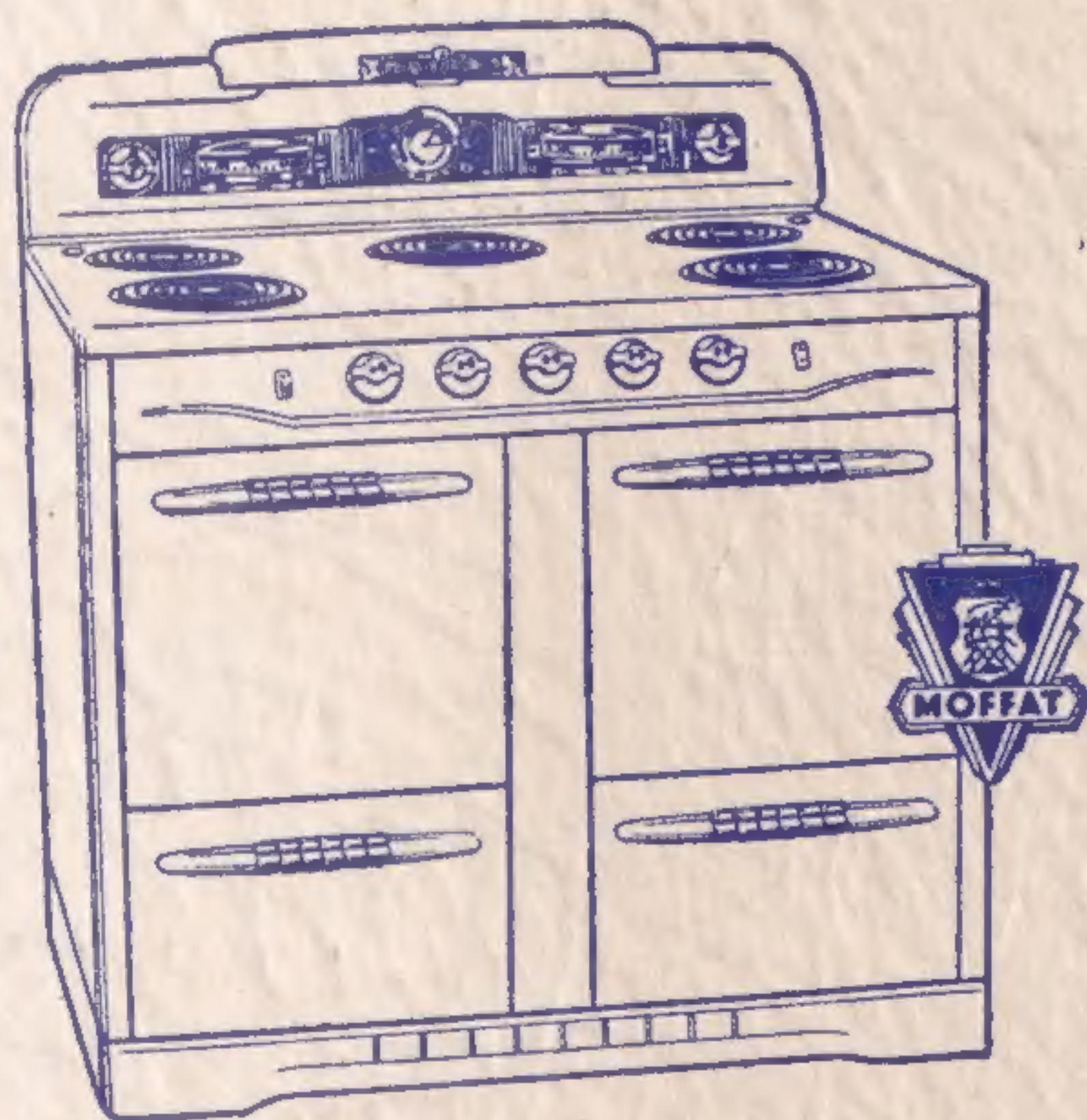


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— Index to Advertisers —

A & P	77	Meisterschaft College	40
Armstrong Door Co.....	35	Moffats Ltd.....inside front cover	
Bank of Montreal.....	4	Natalie Beauty Salon.....	81
Bank of Nova Scotia.....	2	Neilsonsback cover	
The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.....	24	Nydia Beauty Salon.....	87
Birks	79	Parish, C. G.....	86
Board of Education.....inside back cover		Parkside Market.....	81
Bridgman, F. J.....	45	Pelmo Garage.....	45
Canada Cycle & Motor Co.....	2	Phillips, S. A.....	76
Canada Packers Ltd.....	88	Sir Isaac Pitman & Son Canada Ltd.....	79
Coca-Cola Ltd.....	43	Pollard Electric.....	87
Coleman the Tailor.....	86	Frank O. Reeves & Son.....	65
Cruikshank Garage.....	4	Robert Smart Shop.....	81
Desmond Service Station.....	70	Roselands Bus Lines.....	3
Dominion Business College Ltd.....	3	Ross Stores Co. Ltd.....	57
The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.....	85	The Royal Bank of Canada.....	66
Elder Motors.....	57	The Royal Typewriter Co. Ltd.....	86
English & Mould Ltd.....	86	Satin Finish Hardwood Flooring.....	63
Evans, W. G.....	87	Scales Garage.....	78
Face-Elle	81	Scott, W. R.....	76
J. T. Farr & Sons Ltd.....	81	Shaw Schools.....	57
Jack Fraser Stores Ltd.....	3	Simpson's Drug Store.....	75
Gilmore Hardware.....	73	The Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.....	1
W. P. Graham & Sons.....	87	A. T. Squibb & Son.....	72
Harris Footwear.....	68	Tot and Teen Shop.....	80
Hawke's Service Station.....	75	Toronto Radio & Sports Ltd.....	4
Hawman Motor and Electric Ltd.....	30	Trophy-Craft Ltd.....	45
Henderson, R. G.....	63	Underwood Ltd.....	49
Hobb's Glass Ltd.....	78	University College	88
Humberwood Dairy.....	76	Victoria College.....	54
Inch's Drug Store.....	33	Wardlaw Bros.....	81
Ireland, Chas.....	79	Watson, John.....	73
Ireland, Murray.....	72	Weisdorf's	35
Irvin Lumber Co.....	2	Weldrest Hosiery Ltd.....	48
Jane-Way Hardware.....	80	Weller College Ltd.....	69
Keelesdale Cleaners.....	33	Weston Arena.....	83
Longhouse, G. E.....	76	Weston Building Products Ltd.....	17
Marcia-Mac Frock Shop.....	48	Weston Bowling Lanes.....	79
McLean, Dr. Charles.....	80	The Weston Family Shoe Store.....	66
		Weston Hardware.....	45
		Wilf's Cycle and Sport.....	68
		Harold A. Wilson of Toronto Ltd.....	80
		Chas. Wilson Ltd.....	26
		Winder's Taxi.....	64
		Woodbridge Hardware & Electric.....	33
		The Wool Shop.....	78

THE CONNING TOWER

Weston Collegiate and Vocational School

1951

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EDITORIAL.....	Mr. Branscombe
PHOTOGRAPHY.....	Mr. Clayson
PRODUCTION.....	Mr. Yeigh



Shown above are the student editors of this year's **Conning Tower**. Back row, left to right, Ken Campbell, Orlando Martini, Wesley Turner, Allan Millard. Middle row, left to right, Frank Best, Beryl Hiles, Pat Devins, John Cooper. Front row, left to right, Helen Snyder, Gwen Smith, Jane Campbell, Pat Newsome.

Prize Winners

The editors wish to thank the many students who made contributions, either of art work or stories, essays or poems, to the current edition of the Yearbook.

Story, art and essay prizes are as fol-

lows: senior story, 1st prize, John Tammela, 13A, "Where?"; honorable mention, Fiona Christie, 13B, "Do Unto Others."

Junior story, 1st prize, Larry Dury, C10B, "A Sailor"; honorable mention, Ken Campbell, V10A, "A Little Fantasy"; Arlene Birch, 10A, "Life of a Bushwacker."

Poetry, senior, 1st prize, Ken Smith, 13A, "Rime of the Patient Student."

Art, senior, 1st prize, Joan Schuler, 13B, cartoons; junior, 1st prize, Billy Plewes, 10C, cartoon sketches of teachers.

The editors would also like to thank designers of section headings, particularly Graham Grant for his literary section design on page 14. Thanks too to Mr. Metcalfe for permission to publish his fine photographic study on page 20.

Acknowledgements are made too to the members of the staff who gave generously their time, especially Mr. Branscombe (editorial); Mr. Clayson (photography); Mr. Gemmell (advertising) and Mr. Yeigh (production).

Ultimate success of any magazine depends to a great extent on the good-will of advertisers. Please show your appreciation by patronizing them.

Finally, particular thanks to Charters Ltd., and Strong Photo-Engraving for their invaluable help on technical matters.

— Table of Contents —

Index to Ads.....	5	Dances	32
Editorial Staff.....	6	Evening Classes.....	33
Message from the Principal.....	8	Simpson's Reps.....	35
Editorials	9	Eaton's Reps.....	35
Teaching Staff.....	10	St. John's Course.....	35
Our Newcomers.....	11	Our New Canadians.....	36
The Office Staff.....	11	Cadet Activities.....	37
Commencement Winners.....	12	Meet Don Laing.....	37
Commencement Night.....	13	Rugby Season.....	38
Where?	14	Hockey Season.....	41
Rime of the Patient Student.....	15	Senior Rugby Players.....	42
Vacations in Canada.....	16	Midget Rugby Players.....	43
A Little Fantasy.....	17	Senior Hockey Team.....	44
Life of a Bushwacker.....	18	Junior Hockey Team.....	44
Flight 6.....	18	Track and Field.....	45
This is the Story.....	19	The 1950 Gym Team.....	45
A Snowy Hillside.....	20	Girls' Sports.....	46
Do Unto Others.....	21	To a Wallflower.....	49
A Sailor?.....	21	Graduating Classes.....	50
Her Last Flight.....	22	Form News.....	60
Homework	22	Public Speaking Contest.....	75
The First Tick.....	22	Library Staff.....	76
Guess Who?.....	23	Time Out for Food.....	78
Alumni News.....	25	Conflict	80
Student Council.....	28	A Previous Weekend.....	80
The Hospital Campaign.....	28	Cadet Inspection.....	82
The School Exhibition.....	29	Summer Camp.....	82
Symphony Council.....	30	Parents' Night.....	83
Music and Drama Night.....	30	Classics Club.....	83
Glee Club.....	31	Goodbye—Good Luck	83
The School Orchestra.....	31	Autographs	84



A Message From The Principal

In the following pages of the Conning Tower the various activities of the school are described. It is a source of satisfaction to the members of the staff and the student body that so much has been achieved this year, not only in scholarship but also in extra-curricular activity.

In September the enrollment reached an all-time high of 1163. This increase in numbers made it necessary to use several expediences to find suitable accommodation. These included a "mild stagger" of classes, and in one form the day extended from 8.30 to 4.20. In spite of these handicaps the well-known spirit of co-operation in this school has surmounted these difficulties and work has proceeded.

As this is written, final plans are being made for additions, consisting of gymnasium, auditorium, cafeteria and sixteen instructional areas. All those who have been members of the student body at any time will look forward with pleasure to the completion of this project.

To those students who are leaving the school this year we wish every success in their various activities. We would urge them to go on in confidence to make contributions in their various positions. May they have a satisfying work experience.

Again I would like to record my appreciation of the continued co-operation of the staff and student body of this school.

E. H. G. WORDEN.



"TEENICIDE"

TEEENICIDE is the senseless slaughter of teenagers in motor cars. It is a condition that is constantly growing more serious and one that should receive more attention from teenagers. During 1950 over one-quarter of the accidents in Ontario involved youths between eighteen and twenty-four years of age. In the United States the rate is closer to one-third and traffic officials of both countries have undertaken to determine the cause or causes and the cure.

Immaturity or lack of experience of teenagers is one cause. But, above all other factors stands speed. Jalopies, or hot-rods, all too common in the United States, are beginning to make their ominous appearance in Canada. Disregard for traffic laws and lack of courtesy are also causes. The driving habits of parents influence youths more than is realized. Many accident-prone drivers come from unhappy homes and "a man drives as he lives." An emotionally unstable teenager may attempt to relieve his feelings while driving — often with fatal results.

A series of motion pictures has been released here, on the subject. Last year at Weston, accompanied by an inspiring talk from the Chief of Police of Weston, the picture "Last Date" was shown. It dealt realistically and frankly with the intense mental and physical suffering resulting from "speed-crazed" driving. More such pictures should be stressed. It has been found, also, that teaching safe driving in secondary schools, on the same basis as any other subject, has produced remarkable results. Among some of the best drivers in Canada are graduates of these courses. Unfortunately, although fairly common in the United States, only a few schools in Canada have begun to teach such a subject and it is too soon to have complete information on results.

Until such strong measures are taken common sense, care, and courtesy are the best guarantees for a long and happy life of motoring.

Mid-Century

PROBABLY no fifty-year period in history has witnessed as great change, social, economic and political, as the first half of the present century. Obviously the cause for this change is first the advance in scientific knowledge. Think of the change electricity has made in modern life, with illumination, radio, and television. Progress in the medical field has increased life expectancy by fifteen years. The result of development of communication on land, sea and air has been to shrink our world.

The greatest scientific discovery of all—**atomic energy**, with its enormous possibilities for both peace and war, has forced us to understand and assume responsibility for world problems.

There has also been a great change in the political organization of the world. The past fifty years has also seen the rise of fascism, and communism as challenges to our social order.

What then is our duty as citizens of the latter half of the century? We must learn to live peacefully together nationally and internationally—a goal which we are far from attaining as yet. To do this we must develop tolerance of race, creed and political ideology, and a sense of responsibility toward all peoples. We must match the enormous scientific and material advances by a corresponding growth of moral and social development. If scientific progress is not to lead to the complete annihilation of man, then it must be directed toward the betterment of all mankind.

—Marg Ann Gemmell.

—□—

Conning Tower 1951

Well, here it is at last! After getting pictures taken, and copy written and corrected, the Conning Tower for 1951 is finally printed. Credit for completing this work is due mainly to the efforts of department editors and their staffs and to the considerable co-operation and assistance given by the teachers.

In the 1951 Conning Tower some new features have been incorporated which, it is hoped, will make the yearbook distinctive and will establish a worthy tradition for future editions to follow. This year's magazine is also larger, principally because of the work of the advertising editor and staff. Changes in photographic technique and art work are also included in this edition.

(Continued on page 79)

The W.C.V.S. Staff, 1950-51

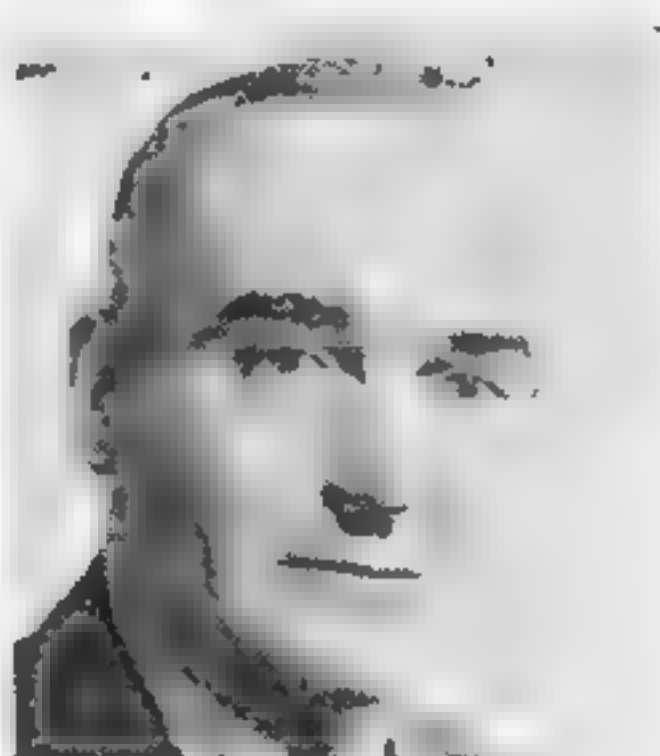


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Dept.

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Shop Director, Drafting.

Mr. R. G. Baxter, Sheet Metal



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Mr. B. Metcalfe, Music.
Miss G. M. Miller,
Math., Stenography.
Miss E. M. Mulholland,
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Miss J. H. Smith,
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Mr. R. Templeton,
Motor Mechanics.
Mr. M. W. Thompson, Phy. Ed.



Miss W. Walton, Cooking.
Miss D. E. Wattie,
Head of Hist. Dept.
Mr. R. E. Whiting,
Head of Sci. Dept.
Mr. F. N. Yeigh, Eng., Hist.

Our Newcomers

Five teachers have been welcomed to our staff this year.

Miss Cornish is a graduate of Lawrence Park Collegiate and holds her B.A. degree from the University of Toronto. After graduating from the Ontario College of Education in 1949 Miss Cornish taught for a year in Simcoe High School.

Mr. Heard is a graduate of the University of Western Ontario in Mathematics and Physics and holds the degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy from the University of Toronto. Before coming to Weston as head of the Mathematics department, Mr. Heard held positions at Nepean, Cornwall and Whitby.

Mr. Hewitt spent eighteen months in the Canadian Air Force receiving his pilot's wings. He obtained his B.A. from the University of Toronto and a Specialist's degree in Mathematics and Physics. He comes to Weston after teaching a year in St. Catharines Collegiate and Vocational School.

Mr. Loney is a native of Kingston, Ont. Following army service he attended

Queen's University where he obtained his B.Sc. Mr. Loney, an electrical engineer, is enjoying his first teaching experience here.

Mr. Smith, after graduating from University joined the R.C.A.F. and served four years as a Wireless Air Gunner. He spent four years as a Physical Education instructor at the Ottawa Technical High School where he had much success with rugby, basketball and track teams.

Marg. Ann Gemmell, 12A.



Our office Staff at W.C.V.S. Left (at the phone) Mrs. K. Harrison; right, (at the typewriter), Miss E. Rist.

Prize - Winners



N. MACKAY



J. GRANT



Y. WRIGHT



J. BLACK



S. FISHER



A. MILLARD



M. CASKEY



T. ASHWELL

A Memorable Commencement

The annual Commencement exercises of Weston Collegiate and Vocational School were held on Friday evening, November 10, 1950.

The invocation was given by the Rev. A. J. Greer, B.A.

This year's Commencement was certainly a memorable one at Weston, because six provincial scholarships were won by four different girls.

The Margaret Anna Brock Scholarship at the University of Toronto and the Elizabeth Burr Tyrrell Scholarship at Victoria College, U. of T., were awarded to Jean Black. The E. R. Wood Memorial Scholarship and the second of the three Provincial Carter Scholarships were awarded to Sheila Fisher. The Class of 1929 Memorial Scholarship at Victoria College was awarded to Margaret Kell and The Canadian Legion Memorial Scholarship was awarded to Nancy Mackay.

Mr. C. W. Christie was Chairman for the presentation of the General Department Prizes. Mr. C. E. Tilston presented the first general proficiency prize in the Upper School to Jean Black and the second to Sheila Fisher. Other Wilson prizes were awarded to Nancy Mackay for Mathematics, Tom Ashwell for Science and to Margaret Kell for Languages.

Mr. N. Moffat presented General Proficiency Prizes in the Middle School to Allan Millard and Mary Lou Caskey in Grade XII and to Anne Jamieson and Wesley Turner in Grade XI.

In the Lower School, Mr. R. Sears presented General Proficiency Prizes to Anne Peterson and Norma Torrance for Grade X and Arlene Birch and Marilyn Graff for Grade IX.

The Chairman for the Commercial Department Prizes was Mr. R. S. Scott. Mr. W. Dean presented General Proficiency Prizes to Joan Craig in Grade XII, Audrey Down and Jacquelyn Saville in Grade XI, Louis Alway and Florence Hamilton in Grade X, and Margaret Rotz and Marjorie McIntyre in Grade IX.

Miss L. I. Coburn was Chairman for the presentation of the Home Economics Department Prizes. These General Proficiency Prizes were presented by Mrs. B. Taylor to Adeline Weisman in Grade XII, Ruth Bird in Grade XI, Margaret Hoy in Grade X, and to Mary Dudas in Grade XI.

The Chairman for the Industrial Department Prizes was Mr. R. Templeton. Mr. F. L. Sainsbury presented the prizes to Donald Niepage in Grade XII, Albert Hinton and Gordon King in Grade XI, Ronald

France and Kenneth Niepage in Grade X, and to Roger Holstead and George Burbidge in Grade IX.

The awards for General Proficiency consist of books, given through a bequest of the late Dr. R. J. Wilson. These books are leather-bound with the school crest embossed in gold on the cover.

The Manufacturers Prizes from Canadian Cycle and Motor for proficiency in Grade XI were awarded to Audrey Down in Commercial, Fred Messacar in Drafting, and Bert Hinton in Machine Shop.

The Moffat's Limited Prizes were awarded to Ruth Bird in Home Economics, Gordon King in Electricity, and John Shaw in Sheet Metal in Grade XI.

The J. T. Farr & Sons Limited Prize was awarded to Ken Snider for Motor Mechanics in Grade XI.

The Satin Finish Prize was awarded to Murray Stewart in Grade XI for Woodworking.

The Senior Public School Prizes were presented by Mr. A. G. Gillespie to Barbara Cruise, Dorothy Wilson, and Barbara Simpson.

While preparations for the presentation of the Honour Graduation Diplomas and the Secondary School Diplomas were being made, the school orchestra conducted by Mr. B. Metcalfe gave several brilliant selections.

With Miss Wattie as Chairman, Mrs. S. J. Norman presented the Honour Graduation Diplomas to former Grade XIII students. Miss R. Hanlon, Mr. R. G. Gemmell and Miss E. Roots introduced the former Grade XII students to Dr. J. M. Thomson, Mr. G. Alcott, and Mr. E. C. McCallum, who presented the Secondary School Diplomas.

The Wilfred E. Pearen Memorial Prize was awarded to Jean Black by Mr. O. Masters.

The Memorial Prizes for leadership, co-operation and personality, were presented by Mr. K. Rapsey to Margaret Kell and John Grant.

The History of Weston Prize was presented to Jean Black by Dr. F. D. Cruickshank.

Dr. J. B. Tyrrell presented the William Tyrrell Scholarship to Sheila Fisher.

The Coulter-Lithgow Scholarship in Medicine was awarded to Tom Ashwell.

The Rodney Adamson Scholarship in Middle School History was presented by Mr. Adamson to Mary Lou Caskey and Allan Millard.

(Continued on page 77)



Where ?

His face was filled with the symptoms of intense shock; it was gray, and taut. Harold Dobbs gripped the steering wheel of his speeding automobile with grim determination as if the wheel was a means of support. His moist and bloodshot eyes looked neither to the left nor to the right but only ahead. But what lay ahead?

Not fifteen minutes ago, there was the sound of screeching rubber and grinding metal as two cars met head-on at the corner of Queen and Victoria streets in the downtown section of Niagara Falls. It was not long before one could hear the shouting of on-lookers who rushed to the scene, the sound of police and later ambulance sirens and the moans emitting from the midst of the wreckage. These groans soon faded away and with them the lives of two drivers. The ambulance had just arrived when Harold Dobbs descended from the corner tobacco shop and curiously ambled toward the wreckage.

As he approached the scene his eyes fell on an object lying on the littered pavement. It was a toy monkey made of three pieces of wood with clumps of fur attached at strategic points to give the appearance of such an animal. It probably had dangled over the windshield in one of the demolished cars; but now lay limp and quiet. A small glint of alarm could be detected on Harold's countenance as he lifted his gaze to one of the automobiles. It was gray in colour. Harold moved in closer; his face appeared troubled. He noticed that it was a Dodge, a gray Dodge that might have belonged to the little monkey that first caught his attention.

Harold, panic stricken, quickly manoeuvred his way to one of the police officers, tugged at his sleeve and enquired.

"Pardon me, but was anyone hurt?"

"No one was hurt, Mac," the officer re-

plied as he jotted some statistics in a little black book, "they were both killed!"

Harold's jaw dropped! But, wait! There are hundreds of gray Dodge cars even with toy monkeys inside. However he again turned to the policeman.

"What was the name of the driver of the Dodge? Could I see the body? Maybe—"

"I'm afraid it's too late. They just took it down to Hetherington's."

"Well, who was the man? What was his name? Didn't you find any kind of identification?"

The officer drew a brown leather wallet from his pocket.

"We found this on his body," he replied, as he pushed the zipper open. "The name appears to be — Ernest Graham Dobbs, age twenty-eight, height—"

Harold drew back stunned by what he heard.

"That's m-my son! My only boy!" With these words he wheeled around and dazedly walked away leaving the policeman behind dumbfounded. Harold groped his way through the crowd as if in a dream and moved up the street. He reached his parked car, slid in the front seat and with head bowed over the wheel, wept like a child. Three years ago to-day, his wife had also been killed in an automobile accident while he was out of town and now his son had gone. What could he do? Where could he turn?

Fifteen minutes ago it all happened and now Harold, alone in the world, drove unconsciously up Bridge Street to Stanley Road, up one street and down another. He did not know what to do or where to go. On he continued, his eyes fixed straight ahead; eyes that told of deep sorrow, confusion and—there was something else. It seemed as if he was thinking stolidly,

turning his thoughts over and over; trying to decide on some kind of course to follow.

Suddenly he turned east until he came to River Road, where he hesitated for a while then headed along this road, which followed the Niagara River along its path. Downstream he went for two miles, then, seeing numerous cars parked by a small building at the top of the river bank, he stopped. Harold remained motionless in his seat for a minute, but then clambered out. He arrived at one end of the "aerial car" that travelled along cables over the swirling whirl pool below. What did Harold intend to do here?

Glancing furtively from side to side, he nervously approached the tourist attraction. Harold descended thirteen, cold, concrete steps to the loading platform and then he watched the cable car as it slowly inched along those thick, steel cables toward him. He clenched his fist as he noticed all the other people waiting to board the same car.

Closer and closer it came. Ker-lunk! The strange-looking carriage bumped onto its resting-place, like a ferry-boat striking its dock. Pouring out from the vehicle, came the excited passengers who were laughing and talking of the thrilling experience they had undergone. It was not long before a new lot of passengers, including Harold Dobbs, was able to take over the vehicle.

Harold pushed his way toward the outer seats of the open-sided car and chose one at the centre. There he sat down, with his hands tangled together on his lap. His appearance seemed to be that of a doomed man. Nobody noticed that he stared off into space, his cheeks quivered, hands trembled and his face was being bathed with a cold, salty sweat. No one noticed, not even Harold himself.

A bell, unexpectedly clanged and a hidden machine rumbled into action. Slowly the car began to move, crawling along the cables like a spider on a web, high above that treacherous whirlpool. The wind that was blowing through the gorge gently pushed the aerial car back and forth as it wound its way along the cables with a slight downward motion. Harold arose from his seat and stood there, his hands holding tightly on the rail; he lowered his gaze slowly until he stared directly at the wild, green confusion below. His face was soaked with perspiration and white as the foam beneath. However, he still seemed to be in a trance,—in a trance from which he would never recover; for as the car swung directly over the turmoil of the whirlpool and before anyone could stop him, Harold Dobbs took a firm grip on the rail, hurled himself over the side and plummeted downward.

Rime of the Patient Student

It is the patient student
Who sits in "one one three,"
But when it comes to learning French,
A Frenchman he'll not be.

This patient student in French one day
Decided the air'd need a lift.
He filled the air with "eau de cologne,"
And golly, he got mis-sniffed!

"God save thee, patient student!
From the fiends that plague thee thus.
Why looks't thou so?" "With my dull brain,
I could not think of cos."

"The patient student will his penance do
He must find the missing surd."
That voice, resounding through the hall,
Was always missed or heard.

Low marks, low marks, everywhere,
In 13A and B.
Low marks, low marks, everywhere,
"All's to blame but me!"

Graduating doors are open,
Fifth formers are looking in
If we don't bear down to work—
We'll never enter in.

—S. T. Coleridge, (1772-1834)
and K. S. Smith, (1932-13A)

—————o—————

Several women screamed and shrunk in their seats while the rest were all yelling to the operator, who did not know what had happened, until he followed someone's pointing finger. There, below, rolling over and over, he could perceive a body which had succumbed to the powerful current of that part of the river.

Suddenly, a bell tinkled, and the operator lifting the receiver of the telephone to his ear, listened. After a few seconds, he turned to the passengers.

"Is there a Mr. Harold Dobbs here?"
There was no answer.

"No Dobbs here?" Still no one responded. He picked up the phone again.

"No, there isn't any Harold Dobbs out here. But, look George, somebody just ——. No, I'm sure there's no Dobbs here. Why?"

There was a pause.

"I thought I heard on the radio that an Ernie Dobbs was killed downtown in an accident——. It was his car, only stolen by someone, you say?——. In other words, the thief was killed and not Dobbs, eh?——I suppose he had stolen that wallet too——. Well, his father's not here anyway!"

—John Tammela, 13A.

Vacations In Canada

To the average teen-ager Canada is as uninteresting as his own backyard. He never bothers to explore its wonders which nature has so bountifully provided. Little does he know of historic spots, glorious forests plentiful in wild life, sparkling lakes, or rivers abounding in fish. Year after year they go back to the same place, never bothering to wonder about more interesting places.

From Saint John's in Newfoundland to Victoria in British Columbia, Canada invites YOU to visit her! To arouse your curiosity here are some interesting facts about Canada. Canada is larger than the United States in area, yet her population is a little less than that of New York State. Canada has ten provinces each with its own special appeal. Why not spend your vacation in Newfoundland, the Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario, the Prairie Provinces, British Columbia, the Yukon or Northwest Territories—next year you'll want to come back for more. Come on gang, let's explore!

30 Per Cent French

Thinking of visiting historic places this year? Well, then lend me your ear. About the time the Pilgrims were on American shores, the first French colonists were establishing their settlements along the St. Lawrence River. These French-speaking descendants constituting 30 per cent of Canada's thirteen million—continue to till the soil their ancestors cleared. In 1759, on the Plains of Abraham, outside of Quebec City, was fought the fateful battle which changed the course of Canadian History. Following the American War of Independence, thousands of United Empire Loyalists crossed the northern border into Canada to remain under the British flag. These people are largely responsible for the development of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Lord Selkirk's Red River settlement is now the City of Winnipeg. Ten years after the California Gold Rush, gold was also discovered in the Fraser River Valley bringing real development in its wake. Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia were joined by Confederation in 1867. In 1885 the last spike was driven in the transcontinental railway which actually joined East and West. It wasn't till 1949 however that Newfoundland joined the Confederation! Are you still undecided?

Richly Endowed

Red-coated Mounties, the soaring gothic of the Peace Tower, the tumbling waters of the Ottawa River, foreign embassies, the House of Commons and Senate

Chambers, all these are the Ottawa scene. Magnificently situated on a river-girt site, it has been richly endowed by Nature and by man. Here is the seat of the Federal Government and many other national bodies. This is Ottawa, Canada's first city. A busy centre not only of Canada's national life but of international diplomacy!

If you have acquired your driver's licence and your parents trust you with the car, how about a motoring holiday? Canada has about 140,000 miles of surfaced highway and an even greater mileage of improved roads. You can roll along through ever-changing vistas of woodland, orchard, farm land and rugged sea coast. There is Quebec Province, with its spectacular Gaspé Coast, its world famous shrines and its Laurentian Highland. Ontario's highways lead to the Thousand Islands, to strings of wooded lakes with Indian names and to large cities. To the west of the game lands, north of Lake Superior, stretch the Prairie Provinces, green or golden with wheat to the south, covered with timber and gleaming lakes to the north. Then the Rockies! Get a close-up of the Banff-Jasper Highway and the awe-inspiring Columbia Icefield. Then on to British Columbia with its fertile interior valleys and to the sea where ancient firs spread their giant arms above the foam of Pacific breakers.

Lots of Events

If you're interested in special events Canada is your best bet. Toronto's Canadian National Exhibition is the largest annual exhibition in the world. Do you like flowers? Well, then visit Annapolis Valley, Okanagan Valley or Niagara Peninsula in blossom time. If you're a good athlete then you'd go for ski meets, skating events, and winter carnivals. Many of Canada's cities sponsor symphonies, choirs and music festivals.

If you're a beachcomber bring your swimsuit, sun tan oil and sun glasses and visit Canada's uncrowded sandy beaches. There's nothing like a bracing dip in a cool Canadian lake or a plunge into ocean surf. If you want to sun-worship without sweltering—if you want to take home a becoming coat of tan, plus a fresh store of vim and vitality—head north to Canada, land of air-conditioned sunshine.

I have told you about a few of the interesting holidays Canada provides. When school is out this June why not really visit Canada? I leave it up to you—why not learn more about your homeland? You can enjoy yourself while doing so. What are you waiting for? Come on, let's explore Canada! —Diana Bollard, 9A.

A LITTLE FANTASY

Dr. Cragg was a dark little creature with wiry gray hair and a moustache that straggled over his upper lip. His eyes were the only exceptional part of his otherwise homely features. They seemed to blaze with an insane brilliance from under his lofty brow giving him an alien, unworldly appearance. Whenever I was in his presence I felt the combined emotions of fear, awe, and excitement.

It was mid-afternoon when I received the cablegram inviting me to his house. Six hours later I found myself climbing the long flight of stairs that led to the doctor's laboratory. I knocked at the door three times half hoping that I would not get an answer. My luck was out. As I began to descend the stairs the door opened and there stood the doctor with a drunken expression on his face. His mouth was half open showing a cavity where two of his teeth had once been. His eyes were dreamy and could see nothing but what was in his mind. After standing in this manner for a few minutes he found his way back to the present and the fiery gleam again entered his eyes.

With an excited, insane giggle, he grabbed my arm and dragged me into his laboratory.

"Look, look, isn't my invention beautiful? Won't it revolutionize the mechanical world?" babbled the doctor quite unconscious of the fact that he had not told me what his weird machine was for.

"Yes, it's a marvelous invention," I replied, "but I will be surer of my opinion when you have described its use to me."

"How careless of me," said the doctor with a playful wink of his eye. "I am apt to forget such trifles." At this he thrust his hand in his pocket and brought out a pair of horn-rimmed glasses which he polished vigorously. After putting his glasses back into his pocket he placed his thumbs under his braces and began to explain calmly, as if he had not been at all excited a few minutes before. "I've developed a rocket ship that will take me to Mars. Your job is to keep my precious notes until I return." After this short explanation he leaped through a door in the large rugby ball he called a rocket ship.

There was a terrific explosion and when I came to my senses there was a large hole in the laboratory roof. The doctor and his machine have never been seen since and no one except the man in the white coat who is my keeper will believe my story.

—Ken Campbell.

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Life of a Bushwacker

THERE is an old saying that if you once live in the North you will never be contented until you go back. The lure of the North is real: the millions of lakes, the cool swift rivers, the stark beauty of the coloured rocks, the brilliant sunshine, the invigorating clear air, and the enormous expanses of virgin forest are all part of it. There is a challenge in the primitive rawness of the vast empire of the North that stirs men to conquer it.

You will not find the term "Bushwacker" in the dictionary but in the North it is used to describe a person who is at home in the bush. The character of a man is partly determined by his environment and because there is nothing artificial about life in the North there is nothing artificial about the people who live in it. They may be a little short on the rules of etiquette but they have nothing to learn about the rules of hospitality. They care little about your family background, your wealth, education or religion but they do care whether you are a good neighbour or a good fellow.

One of the most surprising aspects of life in the North is the good times people have. Everybody gets an invitation to a wedding and the receptions sometimes last for days as long as the eats and drinks hold out. Card games never break up before morning and during the winter months there are always parties, visitors and good times almost every night.

The little bushwackers have as good a time as their elders. They ski, snowshoe, go on sleigh-riding parties and skate during the winter. In the summer they swim, fish, have hiking parties in the bush and crowd into trucks to go to other little towns for a friendly game of softball. Sometimes they pack a canoe and go on camping trips. Right outside their door is a unspoiled playground that people sometimes spend thousands of dollars to enjoy.

School is different too. Instead of learning agriculture Northern children are taught bush lore. They learn what to do if lost in the bush. (Even a bushwacker gets lost sometimes!) They are taught to go to the nearest lake shore and build a smudge so that forestry planes on patrol will see the smoke and come to their rescue. They are told to watch what berries birds eat as these will be safe for humans. They are warned not to wear themselves out by wandering around in

(Continued on page 74)



FLIGHT 6

No one will believe me. I have lived on an island for sixteen days. I saw no one and no one saw me. It all started when I got the orders to fly to Southern Australia to pick up a cargo there for my employer. As I strode to my plane, I could sense some peculiarity in the air that meant bad weather. I tried to shrug it off, but my many years' experience as a flier in this region kept telling me that something was wrong.

I got the signal from the control tower telling me to take off on runway 13. My take-off was successful, and after a few hours, I found myself thinking instead of watching carefully what I was doing. The whining winds suddenly awakened me out of my thoughts and I looked at the map by my right side. There was nothing below me but water. By watching the winds, which came like those of a typhoon, I knew I couldn't continue my journey. In an instant, the left engine chugged and died with a whir of finality.

The waters below were choppy; my plane started to dive. I straightened it out as much as I could and tried to set it down on the water easily. As I crashed into the raging waters, it seemed to me that everything was falling apart. I was stunned for a few moments. When I finally realized I should radio for help, I noticed that the craft was going down. I knew that if I was to save myself from a watery grave, I should try my best to get out. The door seemed like the mighty arm of Sampson holding me back. Finally, my escape was successful; the door opened and I squeezed out. Just then, the body of my plane went

(Continued on page 49)



Dissecting fish is the job that this foursome has in zoology class. Left to right they are Yvonne Foerter, Peter Abels, Jane Campell, and Wilma Adair.

THIS IS THE STORY

A small girl of about four years of age was sitting alone staring out of the window. The room which she was in had grown quite warm with the heat from the stove at the other end. The windows had been nailed shut for the winter, and not a breath of fresh air stirred. It was mid-afternoon and the little girl had nothing to do. She had no playmates and even if she had, the narrow cobble-stoned street at which she gazed would have been unsuitable as a playground.

Suddenly, down the street marched a procession with the red and gold of their uniforms flashing brightly in the waning sunlight. The band played bravely and the notes of the bugler sounded bright and clear. As the parade approached, a rousing fanfare from a bugle broke forth gaily. "Ta-ra-ta-ta, ta-ra-ta-ta" it sang.

A gleam of intense delight appeared in the little girl's face. This was a tune worth keeping and she must do something about it. Down she scrambled from her chair and raced into the next room. As fast as her short fat legs could carry her, she went to the old spinet standing at one end of the room. She pulled out the piano stool and climbed up into it, her short white-stockinged legs dangling from it. A pause—and then the bugle's melody broke the silence of the room. This little girl had never had a music lesson or been shown the position of a note. Yet she played without a false note the tune of the bugle.

However, the little girl was not alone in this room. Over in the farthest corner sat the little girl's grandmother. She wore a black dress and over it a white apron and white lace cap on her snow-white head.

She had been placidly knitting a pair of blue-worsted socks for her youngest grandson and quietly dozed off due to the stuffiness of the room. When the little girl's music had sounded through the room, the old lady roused herself with a start and peered at the piano through the spectacles on her nose.

"Who's there?" she murmured sleepily.

The little girl gave a start and, thinking she was to be scolded or punished, she crept down from the stool and looked around for a place to hide. The dark cave of the piano looked inviting and just large enough to hide a small four-year old.

The grandmother rose slowly from her comfortable chair and with rustling skirts crossed the room to the piano. She spied the edge of a dress under the piano and bending down discovered the child there.

"Child," said the astonished old lady, "was it you who was playing the piano?" When the grandmother learned this was true, she marveled greatly. Calling the little girl's mother she related what had happened.

This child who had such a wonderful musical ear and the fine lilting voice was to become one of the most famous opera singers of all time. She received great esteem first in her native city of Stockholm. As the years went by, she won outstanding success in Germany, Denmark, Norway, Austria and England. She starred in countless numbers of operas but the Swedish songs were her favorites.

This Swedish Nightingale of the 19th Century was none other than the enchanting Jenny Lind.—Gwen Smith, 12A.



"A SNOWY HILLSIDE"

All W.C.V.S. students know Mr. Metcalfe as a fine musician, teacher and orchestra and glee club director, but not many know that he is a skilled photographer too.

The picture above, taken near his home at Thistle town, is one of his own favorites, and it is a charming study of the lovely shadow and line patterns that a keen eye can often spot in winter-time. It has been shown at more than 30 international salons of photography, at which Mr. Metcalfe has often been a judge as well as an exhibitor.

"Do Unto Others..."

Susan walked slowly down the long corridor, her limp barely noticeable. So leisurely was her pace, that an observer would have believed her lost in some pleasant reverie. However, her thoughts were not. She was very despondent and utterly miserable. "Why," she thought, "do people have to be so nice to me? If they'd only act naturally, and if, only I wasn't a cry—Oh! what's the use, I've wished and prayed so much already."

Here her thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of a remarkably handsome boy. She recognized him at once as the school president, and her next door neighbour, Steve Martin. He was in fifth form, active in all sports, and one of the best rugby players on the school team. "What is he slowing down for," she wondered. "Probably going to go through that unbearably sympathetic routine, again."

She was wrong. Steve only said, "Hi, going my way?" She replied that she was, and they continued homeward together, Steve imperceptibly slowing down to her speed. To Susan's amazement he didn't even offer to carry her books. When they reached his house, he turned in, saying, "Bye, be seeing you." Sue went into her own home, pleased and amazed at his attitude.

This continued for several weeks, the two walking to and from school in a friendly companionship, gradually becoming more talkative.

Toward Christmas, Sue began inviting Steve in, in the evenings, to make popcorn or taffy, or listen to her large collection of popular records. On the evening of the twenty-third of December, she finally summoned up enough courage to ask him why he was so nice to her, and didn't treat her like an invalid.

"Well," he said, "it is a long story, but to shorten it, I'll tell you just the main facts. Three years ago, I was in the same position as you." At her gasp of amazement he said, "Yes, I had polio. It left me a cripple after seven years of sickness. My illness was conquered by friendship. My friends gave me courage to fight the disease, and the goodness of God completed the cure."

Three years have passed. Today Susan was walking down the school corridor, her step light and sure, her mind on a hundred things. She was in her last year at Redfern High. Steve's bright red, gold and black fraternity pin gleamed on her sweater. She turned a corner and noticed a girl of about fifteen a few yards ahead of her. She was walking very slowly, her

A Sailor?

The weather was refreshing as I drove slowly along the gravel road. It was the kind of day that makes you feel bright and cheerful. My companion, however, did not seem to be in the same mood. I had picked him up about five miles back. He told me that he was going to visit some relatives in Pike's Harbour, about twenty miles away. I remarked about the differences between the country and the city, but he just mumbled a few unintelligible words and fell silent. My further attempts to start a conversation resulted as the first had done, so I gave up.

Along the way we came to a small town which probably isn't even on the map. Since it was about noon, I suggested that we stop and have a bite to eat. My companion was only too willing. We entered a cafe which had a sign in the front, "The Little Fishes." Its outside was unpainted, untidy, and unattractive. The inside was a perfect match for the outside. Most of the customers were shabbily dressed sailors, and their appearance blended with the surroundings.

Just after our lunch was ordered, a tall, well-built, red-faced sea captain strode into the room. A laughing smile crossed his broad face and out came a booming "Hello" to everyone. Just as heartily, the sailors returned his greetings. He crossed to the table opposite us and sat down. Our lunch was brought and I proceeded to satisfy my hunger. My companion, however, kept his eyes on the captain so intently that I took a second look at him.

His hair was silver gray, but very thick. The lines on his brow were symbolic of years of difficult, dangerous work. Blue eyes shone from his kind, understanding face. His nose was narrow and highly arched. He had a bushy moustache and a gray beard. When he was asked to relate some of his recent exploits, his eyes twinkled and his beard and moustache moved in approval. He was continually waving his arms, stroking his beard, rubbing his hands together and banging his fists on the table.

His adventures were daring and exaggerated, but my companion never doubted

(Continued on page 75)

eyes glued to the ground, her limp barely noticeable so slowly was she moving. A hundred memories crowded into Sue's mind as she hurried to catch up to her. "Hi," she said, "I'm Susan Shaw. Going my way?"

Fiona Christie, 13B.

Her Last Flight

A cold wind was raging around the main office at Cinders Airport, and the tower had reported that it was just the weather for a storm.

"It's unusual to have so many children on one flight," thought the airline stewardess, Joan Peters. She was a pretty girl with soft blue eyes and golden blonde hair. She checked off her list, counting six children, two of them babies. Altogether, twenty-three persons were registered on the plane. She received her last minute instructions; then boarded the plane with the pilot, Jim Stephenson.

It was a long flight for Joan, and it was only her fifth. The plane was bound for Victoria, British Columbia.

Joan went back to the kitchen and before she re-entered the passengers' cabin the large T. C. A. plane left the ground. After serving lunch she went forward to the pilot's compartment.

"Are the passengers all right, Joan?" Jim inquired.

"Yes, Jim, except for an old lady who might have hysterics."

Just then Jim received word from the airport that they were flying right into a storm.

"Joan, tell the passengers it's only a snow flurry."

"I won't." Joan disappeared to see that her passengers were all right. The babies and most of the children were asleep, as was the old lady.

As far as Joan could guess they were crossing the border between Saskatchewan and Manitoba when the storm hit. Two women rose in fright at seeing snow. Joan spoke a few words of reassurance.

A half-hour had passed when Joan again went to see Jim. "I can't reach the airport and we can't land to refuel because of the storm," was his news.

The co-pilot spoke for the first time. "There's no field around for over a hundred miles, but we'll have to land anyway. Have the passengers fasten their safety belts and make some excuse."

Joan did so, explaining that "air pockets" was the reason for her request. Quietly she bent over the old lady and clicked her safety belt closed.

The plane took a lunge, shot forward, and crashed violently to the ground. Screams and prayers were uttered in the same moment and then all was still. Joan finally collected herself and was calmly helping a few people to regain control of themselves when more screams were heard and then deadly fire licked in at the passengers.

HOMEWORK

When I consider how my time is spent
Ere half my work, though goodness knows
I tried,
Lodged on the mantle, with my head more bent
Beneath these crushing blows of omnipresent
Homework, lest he (the teacher) returning
chide
And exact night-labour, table-tied;
'Til homework papers in reckless anger
rent
Lie littered on the floor, and in despair,
I off to bed do wearily retreat,
To sadly wait the morrow and its fate;
When I stand up my errors to repair
And my just punishment on trembling feet
To hear, what can I do but stand and wait?

by—S. (milton) Harvey 12A

The First Tick

It was too late. The ticking couldn't be anything but a time bomb. It appeared to be hidden somewhere under the tons of ammunition on the side of Round Mountain. We had no idea what time it was set for. Around we turned, dashing down the slopes of the tree-clad mountain. Faster and faster we went, the branches seemingly reached out hands to hold us back. We raced on, stumbling, falling only to rise again and forge onwards. No one dared spend a second to look backwards.

Then we saw the figure of Corporal Renauld racing up the mountain to meet us. On he came as he couldn't understand our warning. Gasping for breath, I reached him and pulled him into a mountain side trench. Suddenly from above came a deafening roar shaking the whole mountain-side. A blinding flash of light was hurled skywards. Everything went black.

As the rain poured down and the thunder rolled again and again the corporal calmly questioned, "Did anyone find my alarm clock up there?"

—Donald Laing, 12A.

Joan opened the emergency door. She helped the hurt and reassured the frightened. When she thought all passengers were out she leaped from the flames to safety. A woman screamed "My baby! my baby!" Without hesitation or thought of herself Joan jumped into the blazing plane and sought to find the sleeping infant. Half choking she seized the

(Continued on page 77)



**"YOU
BLIGHTER"**



"QUIET!"

**GUESS
WHO?**



"WHY?"



**"NEXT VICTIM
ER I MEAN..."**



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ALUMNI NEWS

13 A

Tom Ashwell—Tom is in Meds. at U. of T. One fine day you'll find a blond doctor holding your hand.

Pete Barker—Pete is also at U. of T., but he's one of our many engineers—chemical that is.

Ross Beardall—Ross likes the atmosphere at Guelph. He is taking the Vet's course at O.A.C.

Beverley Bourne—Bev. is working at the Prudential Life Insurance. One of the lucky ones who vacationed during her course in New Jersey.

Wing Chau—Wing likes the greener fields of McMaster. He is taking engineering there.

Ann Coleman—Ann is one of the many school marms who will appear next year.

Marvin Creighton—Marv. is in with all our girls at Normal.

Robert Cruise—Bob is now in Civil Engineering at U. of T.

Sheila Fisher—Sheila is battling the Honour Science course at U. of T. and loving every minute of it.

Frank Flavelle—Our wood-cutter is in Forestry at U. of T. Remember Frank as our Eaton's rep.?

John Grant—Just one of the many engineers at S.P.S. John chose Mechanical Engineering.

Keith Harris—Last we heard of Keith, he was working with Jim at Terrel's Drain Service.

Colleen Hodgson—Another gal who is headed for the little red school house.

Doug. Leavens—Doug. is also at S.P.S. in Mechanical Engineering.

Bert Maurais—Bert is working for his father at Weston Welding.

William McArthur—We hear that Willy was in M.P.C., but has changed to an easier course.

Jack McBride—Jack is at Moffat's in Weston.

Nancy Mackay—Maths, Physics and Chemistry is where she began but we hear she has changed her mind.

June Moore—June's working at Deller's Drugs and we also hear she has an ear for music and is trying her A.T.C.M. soon.

Maurice Mould—Where are you, Mo? We can't find any trace of you.

Spurgeon Near—Spurge is in the office at Moffat's.

James Taylor—Jim is in the office of experimental planning at A. V. Roe.

Marjorie Ward—Marj. is in Physiotherapy at Toronto U. She was our Simpson's rep. last year.

Audrey Newbigging—Weller Business College is Audrey's home now.

George Parsons—George has also found Moffat's his goal. They must pay well.

John Rowley—John is in Pass Arts at Vic. this year.

Raymond Santin—After playing around with D.B. and orchestra, Ray is working in the office of A. V. Roe.

Walter Scott—Walter is a lab. technician at the Connaught Labs.

Anne Smith—Anne is taking Industrial Chemistry at Ryerson Tech. this year.

Jim Terrel—Jim is working with his father at the Terrel Drain Service.

13 B

Jean Black—Jean is in the honour English Language and Literature course at Victoria College.

Sheila Brewster—Sheila is another school marm at Normal.

Dorothy Burgess—Dot is keeping Audrey (and others too we hear) company at Weller Business College.

Vida Davidge—Vida is taking Institutional Management at Varsity.

Faith Draper—Faith is learning how to guide young minds. She is also at Normal.

Eleanor Ellins—Eleanor is taking Modern Languages and Advanced History. Will she tell us what's to come in the future?

Ruth Hawman—Ruth is one of our angels in white. She's training at the General.

Ruth Watson—Lady with a lamp? Ruth is also training at General.

Nancy Western—Is taking English Language and Literature at University College.

Gerald Holloway — Sad-Sam-Gerry is at O.C.A. with his crafty talents this year.

Joanne Hoover—Normal has found a soft spot in Joanne's heart too.

Anne Hopcroft—Anne is working in the office of Drs. Charlton, Bull and Murray. Anybody sick?

Betty Joan Kearns—B.J. is also at O.C.A.

Johanne Leuty—Johanne is another girl at Vic in English, Languages and Literature.

Mary Macdonald—Mary is trying her good luck in journalism at Ryerson Tech.

Jack Nolan—Jack must be working at an embarrassing job. Ladies' foundation garments, perhaps?

Adele Patterson—Adele was at Normal but was forced to drop out of her course because of ill health. Best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Gwen Robb—Gwen has left us for the greener fields. She is at Western U. in the music course there. She's also a cheerleader.

Bud Sinclair—Bud is in engineering at U of T. but we hear he is going to take a big step pretty soon.

Betty Stoddart—If you want your clothes cleaned and pressed, phone Betty. She's working in the office at Felker Brothers.

V12

Murray Barons—Is working as a motor apprentice at Elder Motors.

Richard Brooks — An electrician—shocking!

Norm. Carroll—Last year's Student Council president is a machinist at Kodak.

Ernest Chapman—Is a motor apprentice—we've often wondered what happened to football players.

Roy Edge—Is an apprentice too—machinist. With Anaconda Co.

Ken Ferguson—Is wielding that pencil over a board at Square D Co.

Doug. Fox—Is a carpenter with Pigott Construction Co.

Jim Gibb—Jim is another electrician.

William Gray—Another young man with a saw. Bill is a carpenter.

Bill Higgins—Is taking Grade 13 at York Memorial.

Ron Hill—Ron is a sheet metal worker for Mr. English and Mr. Mould.

Ray Irving—Ray is putting his liking for cars to good use. He's a motor apprentice.

Ivor Jones—Last year's "aversion" was drafting but what's he doing?—drafting!

Larry Johnson—Also bettering the atmosphere around English and Mould.

Bruce Jackson—Here's a lad with a purpose. Bruce is studying architectural drafting at Ryerson Tech.

Loyale Labelle — Al's another motor mechanic.

Edmund Monroe—Ted's also a draftsman with Square D.

Lloyd Munshaw—Lloyd's working for a Hardware Co.

Keith Murley—Another draftsman. Keith is with Massey-Harris.

Don Niepage—Is a carpenter at Niepage & Sons.

Fred Pierce—Like many of his friends, Fred is a motor mechanic.

Tony Puccini—Is also a motor mechanic at Lorey Motors.

Charles Snider — "Atlas" has become a farmer—a pretty good one too, we hear.

Jack Walker—Another electrician.

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SICK PARADE! Miss Hardy is busy finding out just how sick Marion Rowntree is, while Santo Martini, victim of a mix-up in a hockey tussle, waits his turn for treatment.

Reginald Watling—Works at—guess where?—Watling & Sons.

George Swan—George is going to earn back those taxes. He's a draftsman at the hydro.

Leonard Taylor—Is a sheet metal worker with Semple & Gooder Co.

Frank Templeton—Frank is a Jr. Draftsman at the hydro—Keeps George Swan company.

Marsden Steel—Is working in sheet metal shop at Semple & Gooder Co.

C 12

Shirley Ashbee—Is a typist at Allan & Hamford on Wilson Ave.

Joan Craig—Is working her way up to president of the Bank of Commerce.

Natalie Steczyszyn—Is another banker. This time it's the Bank of Nova Scotia in Weston.

Yvonne Wright—Is in the office of Wall Chemical Co.

C SPECIAL

Lois Clark—Is working in father's office at Clark Lumber Co.

June Cherry—Is in the office at C.C.M.

Sylvia Coulson—Is in the office at the Weston Bell.

Faye Digel—Faye is with the Dominion Bank—What will you do with all that money?

John Evans—Is a clerk at Humber Summit Store and P.O.

Loraine McAlhone—Another wealthy woman—Pinky is working at Bank of Nova Scotia.

* * *

Mary-Jane: We've got to decide what to do for the Exhibition. Let's think.

* * *

Mr. Heard: I've got an impression in my head; now can anyone tell me what an impression is?

Mike: Yes sir, it's a dent in a soft place.

* * *

Mr. Worden: Aren't you ashamed of coming to the OFFICE so often?

Russell: Why no sir. I thought it was a respectable place.

* * *

Miss Hanlon: Why don't you answer me?

R. Vaughan: I did. I shook my head.

Miss Hanlon: Did you expect me to hear it rattling all the way up here?

* * *

Mr. Heard: Define geometry.

Stewart: That's what an acorn says when it grows up.

* * *

Miss Smith: Oh no! Let's do something you all can do.

ACTIVITIES



JOAN 135.



STUDENT COUNCIL EXECUTIVE

Back row, left to right: C. Mackie (dance committee); J. Forster (president); A. Millard (dance convenor). Front row, left to right: H. Snyder (vice-president); A. Grimoldby (Secretary); P. Devins (Christmas cards); B. Hiles.

The Student Council

Once again it was election time for the Student Council. Enthusiasm ran high for three days while the nominees for the presidency, Allan Millard, 13A; Helen Snyder, 12B; John Forster, V12; and Gordon King, V12, held their campaigns.

On Monday, September 24, the candidates made their campaign speeches to the Senior assembly followed on Tuesday by speeches to the Junior assembly. Wednesday morning all the students, with the exception of Grade IX, cast their votes. And for the second time at Weston our president came from the Vocational School. John Forster was our new president, with Helen Snyder vice-president.

The executive council chosen by the form representatives included Audrey Grimoldby, secretary; Allan Millard, dance convenor; Baz Mackie, dance committee; Sheila Semple, decorations;

Humber Hospital Campaign

At the beginning of November the Humber Memorial Hospital Campaign began. The purpose of this campaign was to equip one room in the hospital. A bronze plaque with the school crest on it was placed on the door of the room that was equipped by the students of W.C.V.S.

Collections were made in the various rooms to raise enough money for the objective of \$500.00. A large thermometer was posted on the wall in the Auditorium and a record was kept of total contributions, as well as a separate chart in each form room.

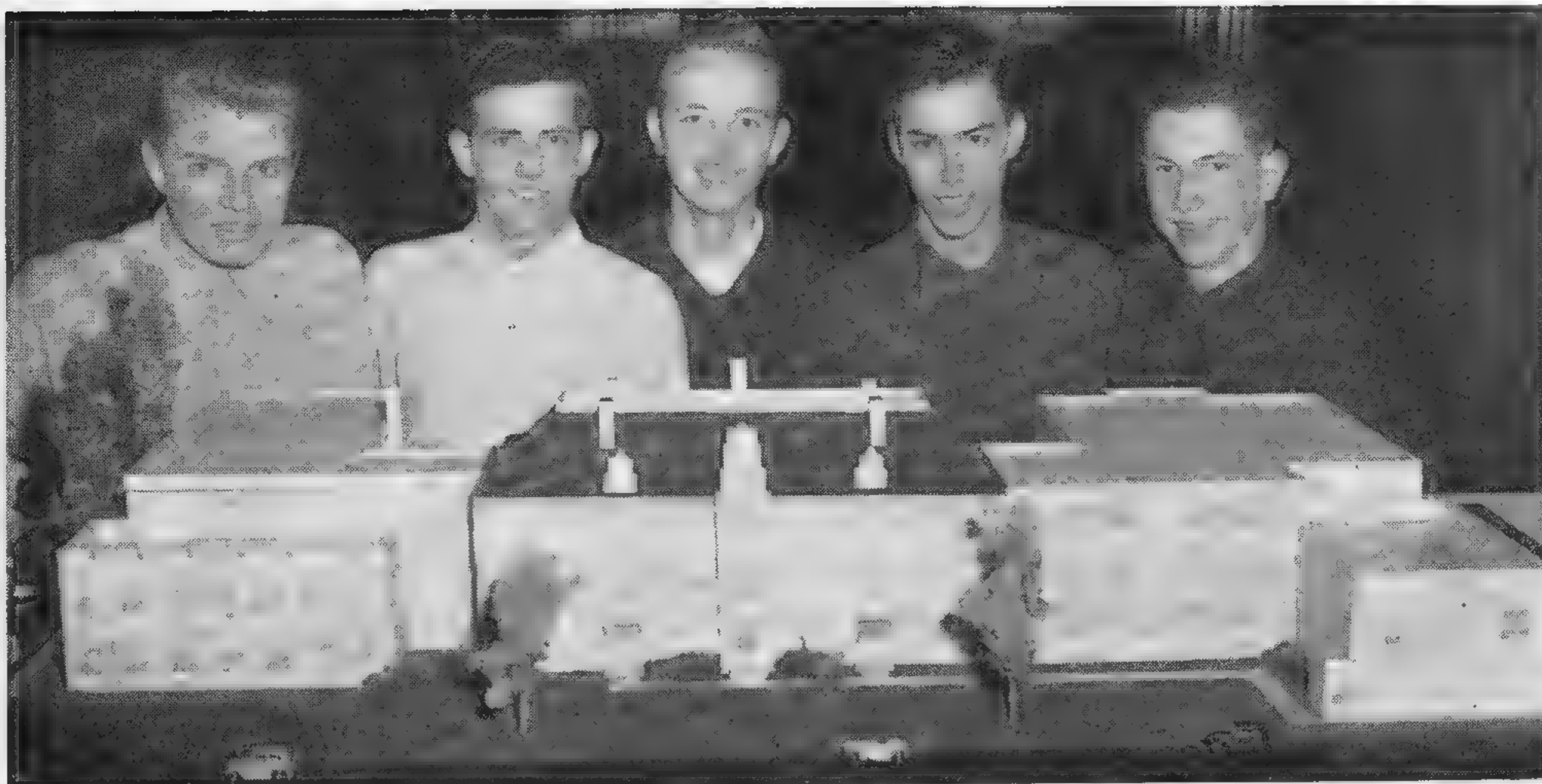
Money was raised by white elephant sales, auction sales and candy sales. The students were enthusiastic about the dance which was organized to raise money and was given the name, "The Hospital Hop." Eaton's Band Box supplied the music. Several movies were given in the school auditorium to put the campaign over the top. The final amount was \$725.00, \$225.00 above the objective!

The form that raised the most money was 12A, whose total was three times their minimum objective. This form was followed very closely by 10A. The victory of these two forms was celebrated by a party.

Thanks are due to Beryl Hiles, the Hospital Campaign Chairman, for her time, patience, help and invaluable boosts to student effort.

Mary Jane Knapp, publicity; Joy Anderson, publicity; Gordon King, dance committee; and Pat Devins, Christmas cards; and Beryl Hiles. Joy Anderson has since left school.

The staff advisors, Mr. Christie, Mr. McLean, Miss Smith and Miss Hanlon deserve a vote of thanks from the student body, for giving freely of their spare time and for their stabilizing influence on council deliberations.



A popular feature of Exhibition Night this year was the model of the projected new wing of the school. Above left, to right, are the boys who undertook the job: Don Hems, Jack Durnan, Art Wilkins, Don Houghton, Fred Messacar. This took five weeks of shop periods to complete. Supervision was by Mr. Skinner.

EXHIBITION NIGHT

WITH more than 2,000 parents, graduates, friends and students from other schools attending, Exhibition Night at W.C.V.S. this year proved to be one of the most successful yet. All the classroom displays and demonstrations drew large crowds, while the "aud" was packed for both performances of the P.T. display.

Perhaps the most interesting feature at the "Ex" was the scale model of the school, showing the new addition on which, it is expected, work will be starting shortly. The model, complete with tiny cars parked outside, showed the new auditorium, gymnasium, cafeteria, special music, geography and art rooms, and new classrooms. The model was constructed by six boys from V11 and V12 who worked under the supervision of Mr. Skinner.

Another outstanding feature was the leathercraft display, consisting of work done by the night school students. A hand-tooled leather desk set and several styles of purses were very lovely.

Dissections of a fish, snake and a frog were done by three capable grade 13 students. Articles on conservation, with pictures taken by Mr. Clayson, showed what is studied in botany classes. The boys in Grade 11 physics were busy doing experiments pertaining to electronics.

In the chemistry laboratory many different experiments were done by both students in the General and Vocational departments. The class blowing of glass tubes and delivery tubes was most impressive.

A special attraction at the exhibition was the gym display by both boys' and girls' teams. Two performances were presented with the orchestra providing selections prior to each of the gym displays.

The Grade 12 French students took part in a French radio broadcast over radio station WCVS. Singing commercials, a review of movies and plays were presented.

In the Home Economics department samples of dresses, blouses, and pieces of weaving done by both day and night classes were displayed. The culinary art of Miss Walton's cooking classes made a very appetizing display.

History and geography projects by the lower school students consisted of maps, dolls representing various countries and a display of notebooks were shown. Projects in the form of essays and posters were done by the grade 12 and 11 students.

The Latin students showed their interest in this particular subject by making very impressive projects. A doll depicting a Roman man and a hand-made pair of Roman sandals proved to be the most outstanding feature of this display.

From the typing room gay strains of music were heard as the typists busily typed in rhythm with the music.

The shops in the Vocational Department appeared very interesting as one can see the variety of electrical and mechanical appliances which are made. A display of chairs, tables, sheet metal work and various other articles was shown.

Symphony Council

In 1941 a Students' Council was formed in connection with the Student Symphonies. The Students' Council takes over the detailed work of planning the Student Symphonies, and also plans ways and means to help pay an extremely large deficits resulting from the Symphonies. This year the Council planned a Tag Day, on which tags were sold throughout the schools to help pay the deficit.

Two representatives are chosen each year from all the Toronto and District Schools. They attend council meetings which are held on Thursday evenings, preceding the regular Student Concert. A guest speaker is heard at each of these meetings. This year the council members have heard Sir Ernest Macmillan, Godfrey Ridout, well-known Canadian composer, and Paul Scherman, assistant conductor of the T.S.O. These speakers discuss and explain in detail the works to be played at the next concert. In this way the school representatives are able to understand more clearly, the programme to be heard.

One of the activities of the Council this year was a Musical Quiz programme presented in February, 1951, and heard on the coast-to-coast network of the C.B.C. Council members were asked to submit questions on music, while a panel of six people chosen from the Council had the pleasure of appearing on the radio.

In May of each year, Sir Ernest and Lady Macmillan graciously entertain at their home, the representatives and their friends at a party and dance. At this party talented Council members and some outside soloists provide the entertainment.

This year Weston is represented on the Council by Pat Newsome and Jane Campbell.

* * *

Miss Wattie: Where was Abraham Lincoln born?

Joan: In a little log cabin which he helped his father build.

Music and Drama Night

On April 12 and 13 the Annual Music and Drama Night was held. From reports of those who were present it was one of the most successful Music and Drama Nights ever held.

The evening opened with a one-act melodrama entitled "Dark Brown," capably directed by Mr. Ellison. The leading roles of Jenny and Arthur Brown were portrayed by Patricia Cooke and James Austin; Jenny's mother, Mrs. Collins, by Helen Snyder; cousin Bella, by Joan Britton! her fiance, Fred Whitworth, by John Angus and Arthur's aunt, Mrs. Persaphelous by Irene Cherwinski.

During the hour which followed the play, the Orchestra and Glee Club provided many delightful melodies. The Orchestra played "Hungarian Overture" by Kéler, selections from "Gilbert and Sullivan," "Minuet" by Mozart, and "The Bohemian Girl" by Balfe. In this selection Mr. Ellison played a violin solo. A cornet solo entitled "Facilita" was played by John Sainsbury.

Two individual dances were done by Barbara Simpson.

To many people, the "Glee Club" provided the most pleasing part of the program. The Glee Club was accompanied at the piano by Jack Harris, the orchestra's very capable pianist. The "Kerry Dance," "Stouthearted Men" from "The New Moon" by Romberg, and "Sympathy" from "The Firefly" by Friml were the best of the selections presented by the choir. Solo parts in "Sympathy" were very capably sung by Jane Campbell and Joe Zidner. "Stouthearted Men" was sung most pleasingly with orchestral accompaniment.

To bring the evening to a close a one-act comedy titled "The Man in the Bowler Hat" was presented under the capable direction of Mr. Goddard. The leading parts of Mary and Richard were enacted by Lorraine Allen and James Britton; The Man in the Bowler Hat, by Ken Thomson; Hero and Heroine by Donald Ord and Joan Schuler; Girl who says "Now" by Doreen Foy; Chief Villain by Douglas Neill and the Bad Man by Ted Pimm.

Acknowledgements are in order to the following people for the excellent way in which the odd jobs were handled: To the properties managers, Gordon Hamilton and Murray Holstead; the stage managers, John Ambrose and Peggy Robertson; lighting and effects, Gordon King and Bob Zanette, assisted by Mr. D. Loney; to the make-up committee, Lois Woolfrey, Ann Thomson and Mary Lou Caskey; and finally to Mr. N. Yeigh for his part in the advertising.

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Some Glee Club members rehearse for Music and Drama Night. Left to right, Clarence Mackie, Mary Jane Kennedy, Murray Stewart, Pat Devins, Beryl Hiles, Margaret Ann Gemmell.

Glee Club

If you have been wondering what the strange sounds emanating from the music room on Tuesday afternoons were—don't be alarmed! It was merely the newly formed Glee Club. Members were enthusiastic over the resumption of this organization after a lapse of several years. Mr. Bruce Metcalfe has directed it in his usual capable manner. The choir consisted of three parts, soprano, alto, and bass.

As a climax to the year's activities the Glee Club planned a part in Music and Drama Night, with numbers including "The Kerry Dance," "Nightfall in Granada" and "Royal Minuet."

P.S. to Jack Harris! The Glee Club hasn't forgotten your faithful attendance at practices and your delightful and efficient accompanying.

* * *

(Overheard at a coke-dance). Boy: May I have the last dance with you?

She: You just had it.

* * *

On June Vaughan's Latin paper: slippers, slipere, falli, bumpstum.

Mr. Christie's foot-note: falio, failere, flunco, suspendum.

The School Orchestra

The School Orchestra this year under the able direction of Mr. Bruce Metcalfe was, as the saying goes, "bigger and better than ever."

Students who found themselves serving detentions on Monday nights dreaded the thought because of the weird sounds escaping from the music room, although everyone including the above mentioned will have to admit that there was an abundance of zest added to the morning assemblies.

At the annual Commencement and Music and Drama Night, the orchestra was on hand to supply some spirited marches and semi-classical selections including Strauss waltzes and Gilbert and Sullivan selections.

There were quite a few players added to the string, brass, woodwind and percussion sections this year but we would like to see even more next season. It is also pleasing to see two of the staff members, Mr. Clayson and Mr. Ellison, in the orchestra.

If there is anyone in the school who has a particular talent for a musical instrument or would like to learn to play one, do not hesitate to inform Mr. Metcalfe.

DANCES

Coke Dance

This year Weston began its social season with a Coke-Rugby dance. It was held on October 20, in the Gymnasium after the York Memorial-Weston game. The players and cheerleaders of both schools were invited to the dance free of charge while the rest of the students were required to pay fifteen cents admission. The proceeds of the dance were donated to the Humber Memorial Hospital Fund, and music was supplied by Eaton's Band Box.

This dance was well supported, but the Students' Council would like to see still larger crowds at the various dances the school holds.

Sadie Hawkins

Early in November, there was heard a busy hustling and bustling in the halls of W.C.V.S. Posters appeared and all the "Sadies" started chasing. Yes, once again, Sadie Hawkins' day was approaching.

The dance was held on November 17, 1950, and Art Binns and his orchestra played for the affair. In Sadie Hawkins' fashion, the girls asked the boys, paid their way, and made vegetable corsages for them.

The gym was decorated with pictures of Daisy Mae, Lil' Abner, and all the characters from the comic strip. In the centre of the room there was a sign pointing the way to "Ol' Man Mose' cave, Kissing rock," and other spots of interest in Dogpatch.

The corsages were judged by Miss Smith and Miss Hanlon. The contest was won by Fiona Christie and her partner, Doug Shaw. Her prize was a corsage for herself, this time of flowers, instead of vegetables.

The spell of "Sadie Hawkins" was broken at midnight, and from that time on, the boys had to foot the bill, and escort "Sadie" home.

Fund Helped

The second "Coke" dance was held on December 1, 1950, and proved to be even more successful than the first one. Again the proceeds went to the Humber Memorial Hospital Fund, and the music was supplied by Eaton's Band Box. Some of the Conning Tower photographers should have some interesting shots of the affair. It looks as if "Coke" dances are a well-established school activity now.



JOAN 135

Annual "At Home"

On February ninth, 1951, the annual "At Home" was held. Receiving the students and graduates were Dr. and Mrs. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Worden, Beryl Hiles, and Baz Mackie.

Sheila Semple and her committee decorated the auditorium very beautifully after the style of a southern mansion, that of Lord and Lady Weston. Large murals decorated the walls. Streamers, in the school colours of white and blue, hung from the ceiling and centered in a chandelier effect.

Dancing continued until one a.m. to the rhythms of Denni Berni and his orchestra. The dancers also enjoyed the excellent luncheon planned by the food committee convened by Helen Snyder and prepared by Miss Walton and the household economic girls.

Each year the student body looks forward to its only formal dance. It was thought that this year's "At Home" maintained its high standard of entertainment, and to those people who helped to make it so, the students and graduates express their appreciation.

Christmas Dance

The Christmas dance was one of many ways in which students celebrated the completion of the Christmas exams. It was held on the last day of school, Friday, December 22.

Music was supplied by Eaton's Band Box. As the evening progressed more and more students arrived and soon the floor was crowded.

At ten-fifteen, much to everyone's surprise, Santa Claus came down the chimney. He began distributing door prizes which had been decorating a tree beautifully

(Continued on page 77)

EVENING CLASSES

The Evening Classes carry on from October to March for approximately 20 weeks. These courses offer an opportunity for citizens to acquire new skills, prepare for promotion, or to develop a hobby.

The courses may be broken down into three categories. One type of course is designed to assist students in preparing themselves for promotion in their present positions, or to acquire additional skills and technological knowledge in their daily work. Examples of this are the Specialized Service course in Motor Mechanics, and the Speed Typing in Commercial work.

The other course category is for those who require assistance in their regular daily work. Two good examples of this are the Mathematics course, where mathematics related to Shop Work is given, and the Carpentry course, where technical assistance is needed in such work as the use of the square and roof layout.

A third grouping of the courses could be placed under Hobby Craft. These courses are for those wishing to acquire or develop a hobby that is to be used during their leisure time.

Some of the evening classes have, of course, students from each of the above-mentioned groups working together.

A new course in connection with the Veterans' Land Act was added this year. The object of this course was to familiarize those veterans who were building, or intending to build, with the details of the Act, the building specifications and required standards and any advice regarding small house construction.

Guest speakers from various branches of the building trades addressed the group and led the discussion on their specialty.

At the end of the Evening Classes certificates are offered to students showing satisfactory attendance and a successful completion of the course.

Space does not permit giving details of the various courses, but for those who are interested the list of subjects available is shown on the inside of the back cover.

A shabbily dressed man was standing on the side walk, and from her window above, an old lady saw that several people stopped and gave him money. Touched deeply, she put \$2.00 in an envelope, wrote "Take Courage" on it, and threw it down to the man. Later that day, the man knocked at her door and said, "Here's your \$40.00 lady; 'Take Courage' won at 20 to 1."

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Above, a sewing class in session in Miss Coburn's room. At the left, rear, is Ruth Amos. To the right, beside Ruth, is Lenora Bassanto. At the table, left to right, are Norma Glassford, Pat Downey, Gertrude Aitchison, and Margaret Cooper. Right, rear, with the iron in her hand, is Shirley Blanchard.



A pyramid display in rehearsal for Exhibition night. Above, at the left end, Renee Ann Harrison; right end, Sandra Sanders. The "foot-rest," left, is Margaret Neely; right, Carol Snyder. On top is Pat Tavender.

Simpson's Collegiate Club

A girl and boy from the senior forms of the Toronto and District Secondary Schools, are chosen each Easter to represent their school in this club. On becoming a member the girl is presented with a blazer and pleated skirt and the male representative receives a blazer and slacks. The meetings are held every second Thursday in the private dining room of Simpson's Arcadian Court. Members are given opportunities to work in the store on Saturdays and through holidays, to take part in fashion shows, and even to learn a great deal about Simpson's store, its sales system and employees.

The representatives enjoy frequent parties and contests arranged for them. They are paid \$2.00 plus expenses for each meeting they attend. The Collegiate Club gives Simpson's an opportunity to learn what the students want in clothes; and in turn, it gives the representatives a chance to make many new friends. It is a wonderful experience to belong to an organization that is doing so much for the Secondary Schools of Toronto.

St. John's Course

In the new term of 1951, the second course in first aid opened with a bang in room 208 on the nineteenth of January. A new book which was provided is a more condensed edition with less detail in some parts and generally has more pictures. There is a lovely diagram of "Brother Bones" and his pressure points. Mr. Lancaster lectures until a quarter to five and then the students bandage each other up until they look like Egyptian mummies.

Along about the fifth or sixth lecture, artificial respiration is taught. The students still wonder if their ribs are intact after the terrific respiration that is done. If you see someone carrying another person on his back heading up the corridor, you know he is just practicing the fireman's hold—not kidnapping her. The First Aiders expect to finish up right after Easter with 100 per cent passing as per usual, thanks to Mr. Lancaster's excellent lecturing and demonstrations.

Walter Scott, Audrey Newbigging and Pat Newsome received their medallions in April, 1950, while Lois Woolfrey, Ann Thomson, Agnes Lintner, Mary Lou Caskey and Jane Campbell received theirs last December.

* * *

Mr. Whiting: If I make a mistake in this experiment, we'll all be blown sky high. Now come a little closer, so you can follow me.

Eaton's Junior Council

When Eaton's Junior Council was formed its main purpose was to aid surrounding schools in various social functions such as tea dances, benefit football games and many other academic highlights.

In order to select the council members, a list is compiled by the physical instruction teacher and the previous representative. Candidates are chosen, not only for their athletic achievement and personality, but also for their scholastic ability. This list is then presented to the principal of the school and upon his recommendation the candidates are interviewed. The actual selection of members is made by the chief advisor of the executive. The most suitable candidate from each school is notified that he has been accepted as a councillor for that coming year.

The Junior Council improves a young person's social education, and also makes him more familiar with the organization of the T. Eaton Co.

* * *

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OUR NEW CANADIANS



Sylvia Vejins

SINCE the war Canada has received many new citizens from war-ravaged Europe, and Weston Collegiate this year welcomed three boys and one girl from Latvia and one boy from Holland. Latvia, on the eastern shore of the Baltic, is a rich agricultural nation with a democratic tradition. The people of Latvia suffered greatly from enemy invasion. The Germans occupied their country in 1941 when many were deported. In 1944 the Soviet troops captured Latvia and hundreds fled their country to escape the horrors of communism.

Maksis Vejins, of 11B, was born in Riga, the capital of Latvia. He was in this city when the Russians occupied his country for the first time in 1940. The Germans came in 1941 and the Russians again in 1944. But Max and his sister Sylvia (of 9A) had by this time been evacuated. After living in a displaced persons camp in Munich from 1944-1949, Max stayed in Naples for a short time from where he and his family left for Halifax and Toronto.

Max and Sylvia find Sunday very different here. In Latvia, church began at ten or eleven o'clock in the morning and the afternoon was open for games or entertainment. Just as we go to shows on Friday or Saturday nights, so the people of Latvia go to their plays and opera performances on Sunday evenings.

Our new friends also have to adjust themselves to a very different educational system. Their school day ran from eight o'clock in the morning to one o'clock in the afternoon. It consisted of six periods with five-minute rest periods between classes. Max also tells us that they were required to do more homework than we. Could that be possible?

Uldis Vagners, who is in 10B, spent the first years of his life on his father's farm in Latvia. When he was nine years old the Second World War broke out and the Germans forced him and his family to go to Germany. Everyone had to work on farms. When the Americans came into the village they took all the foreigners to a displaced persons camp where Uldis lived for three and one-half years. In 1949 they were given permission to emigrate to Canada. According to the law, they had to sign a contract to work one year on a farm. His family worked this "contract year" in Nova Scotia after which they moved to Toronto.

He finds the English language more difficult than the German—especially the pronunciation. Although Uldis is enjoying his second year in Canada, he says with a sigh, "Russia has occupied Latvia now, and I would be very glad to hear that the Russians were out of there and I could return to my native land."

Martin Vesters of V9D comes from the Province of Nord Brabant in Holland. He lived in the town of Uden which bordered the German airfield of Volket. Martin had dangerous and exciting experiences during the war when the airfield was being bombed. Although he misses his native countryside with its picturesque, slate-roofed houses and the national game of soccer, nevertheless, he is enjoying his new life with us and remarks on the evident prosperity of Canada.

Martin Priede of V9E is the son of a Latvian farmer. They went in for mixed farming, raising sheep, cows, pigs and fowl, as well as flowers and vegetables. The climate and terrain of Latvia is similar to that of Canada. Martin attended an agricultural school in winter, while he spent his summers herding his father's cattle. In 1940-1941 the Russians transported, in cattle-cars, 35,000 Latvians to the Siberian slave camps. However, Martin and his family narrowly escaped to a safer territory. In 1944 after arriving in Germany, they fled through Czechoslovakia to Austria where his father had to work in the hills cutting wood. Here they spent two years waiting to return to Latvia.

After the war, they had barely enough money to buy necessary food, often having to live on a potato and salt. In 1946, they moved to a displaced persons camp in Spital, Austria, where they made arrangements to come to Canada in 1948. Martin is grateful for the opportunities of Canada and says "I am happy when I can still go to school and get some education and become a Canadian citizen."



Max Vejins



Uldis Vagners



Martin Vesters



Martin Priede

CADET ACTIVITIES

A Busy Season For W.C.V.S. Unit

Since the beginning of time men have fought and died for what they believed in. Small bands of men have held back armies in their efforts to preserve right and defeat wrong.

For the third time in forty years our freedom is being threatened. In his book, Joseph Stalin has stated that the world is divided into two camps, the capitalists and the communists, and that communism would spread until it has engulfed the world. Many times Russia has shown its motives by forcing the hammer and the sickle on smaller countries.

At the present time our men in Korea are showing the rest of the world that although we do not want war we are willing to fight to preserve the ideals that make us Canadians. It is with these things in mind that we train as cadets, thus helping to make ourselves better citizens of a great nation.

The first activity of the year, which was Cadet Day at the Exhibition, will always be a pleasurable memory to those who attended. After assembling at the Fort York Armouries, the cadets marched to the Prince's gates where they joined three other companies. The highlight for Weston was the fact that cadet Lt.-Col. Don Laing was invited to introduce the Army Cadets when they marched in front of the 20,000 people who had gathered at the grandstand. At 7.30 p.m. they were served an excellent dinner at the grandstand restaurant. The day ended with the cadets attending the Danny Kaye show.

As the cavemen found the bow and arrow to be far superior to the spear, the Germans in the First World War found the machine gun to be a much better weapon than the rifle. The machine gun today is considered one of the most effective weapons. Students at Weston can learn how to handle a Bren Gun. Weapon training classes take place twice a week in the woodwork shop under the direction of Mr. Evans. Cadet Lieutenant Larry Mason is head instructor with Ken Campbell as his assistant. The cadets attending classes learn Bren gun drill, operation and maintenance.

(Continued on page 82)



Above, two students in a signals class, George Kerr (left) and Russell Ruyswick, are finding out how a walkie-talkie operates.

Meet Don Laing



Don Laing

Meet Lieutenant-Colonel D. W. Laing of the Weston Collegiate and Vocational School Cadet Corps! Don has a very enviable record in leadership. Taking an early interest in scouting, he became King's Scout at fourteen and recently joined the First Weston Rover Scout Crew as Rover Mate. At present he is also Cub Master of First Weston Cub Pack and leader of the Weston Scout Band.

Out of his work in scouting, developed an interest in cadet activities. Since he first donned a cadet uniform seven years ago he became successively a Captain, Lieutenant Colonel and Master Cadet. At the 1950 Inspection he won the award as the best cadet.

Last summer Don attended cadet camp at Valcartier, twenty miles north of Quebec City. Here he was Cadet Captain, second in command of radar. He had an opportunity to use French and to see a great deal of Quebec and the surrounding

(Continued on page 82)



A thrilling moment in TDIAA Senior final at Varsity Stadium. East York's McCrae streaks away around left end while Weston's Chard and Larman move in for the tackle.



If Weston didn't win on the Varsity rugby field, it drew lots of applause for its capable, peppy cheerleaders. Above, left to right are, Jackie Saville, Sheila Semple, Mary Jane Knapp, Beryl Milroy, and Joy Anderson. Mary Jane Bennett was unfortunately an absentee when this picture was taken.



Brampton Seniors meet Weston Seniors at Brampton in the opening game of the schedule—Weston's Ed Sondek starts off on a plunge over right tackle with Brampton tacklers rushing in to break it up.

Doings in Sport

Weston Takes Midget Rugby Title Seniors Lose Only To East York

CHAMPS in one T.D.I.A.A. group and near-champs in a second group—that's the fine record set by our two rugby teams last fall. The champions are the Midgets, while the Seniors, who encountered East York Goliaths in the finals for the second successive year at Varsity, were runners-up.

In the senior division the Weston crew started off the season by defeating Brampton decisively 21-2, then they gained a hectic see-saw 26-13 verdict over Mimico in which the largest factor was "Buz" Bedard's three majors.

Off to a slow start in the next game with Etobicoke, Weston seniors led 2-0 at half time but came to life thereafter, finishing on the long end of a 12-7 count.

York Memorial was the next visiting team and "Buz" Bedard and Ed. Sondek combined to pile up 12 points while the highly-regarded Yorks were held scoreless.

All-star "Fink" Chard scored 6 points as Weston downed Runnymede 11-4 in a thrilling battle royal. Pete Abels got the other "T.D."

By defeating Scarboro seniors 22-0 the Weston lads stayed in the undefeated bracket. "Fink" Chard got two majors and brother "Pop" got one as did our all-star plunger Ed. Sondek.

In the semi-final Weston's iron men emerged victorious again by defeating Mimico 16-6.

A big contingent of rooters assembled at Varsity Stadium on November 16, all hopeful that 1950 would be the year of the big upset. But East York's Goliaths were too much for us.

For the first quarter things didn't look too gloomy as the Goliaths were held to a single "touch." East York supporters received several scares as "Fink" Chard and Ray Larman each intercepted enemy passes, but a blocked kick wiped out this advantage.

An obstinate band of Weston warriors held East York to one converted touchdown in the second quarter but the

Goliaths opened up thereafter as they added three majors in the third quarter. "Fink" Chard's beautiful spiral to the dead line completed the scoring. The final score was 31-1.

The Weston midgets opened the season with a definite indication they were destined to be crowned champions. The local boys calcimined Long Branch 48-0. Touchdowns went to Ron Attwell (4), Santo Martini (2), Ted Weston (1), Ken Cockrane (1). Ted Weston converted all eight majors.

The next two games were quite close. Weston defeated Port Credit 12-0 on touchdowns by Bunny Skorupa and Ron Attwell and then squeezed out a 10-7 victory over Brampton as Goddard and Starnina scored majors.

The midgets suffered their only defeat at Etobicoke. The score was Etobicoke 11, Weston 7.

To conclude the season, Mr. Templeton's crew scored decisive victories over Mimico (17-0) and Runnymede (17-5). In these two games touchdowns were scored by Ted Weston (2), Santo Martini (2), Bunny Skorupa (1), Bob Sims (1).

In the midget semi-final our boys received quite a scare. Time was running out, Forest Hill was ahead 7-6, and defeat seemed inevitable. However Ted Weston pulled the game out of the fire by falling on a loose ball behind the opponents' goal line. Final score was Weston 11, Forest Hill 7.

At the local Recreation Centre Weston avenged their defeat at the hands of Etobicoke and in so doing won the championship. The first quarter ended with Weston ahead by a slim margin of 3-0. This was largely because "ourside" received well over 100 yards in penalties. In the final half the boys settled down and literally mopped the gridiron with their opponents.

Ted Weston picked up two "T.D.'s" while singles went to Ron Attwell and Santo Martini.



D. Neill, Mgr., Sr. Rugby.

D. Kearney,
Sr. Rugby, Sr. Hockey.

P. Abels, Sr. Hockey.

A. Beardall, Sr. Hockey.

D. Carroll, Sr. Rugby.

W. Chard,
Sr. Rugby, Sr. Hockey.

J. Delaney, Sr. Hockey.

R. Grainger, Sr. Hockey.

N. Johnston, Sr. Rugby.

R. Longhouse, Sr. Hockey.

B. Mackie,
Sr. Rugby, Sr. Hockey.

O. Martini, Sr. Hockey.

S. Martini, Mid. Rugby.

R. Miller,
Sr. Rugby, Sr. Hockey.

B. O'Hara, Sr. Rugby.

T. Pimm, Sr. Hockey.

G. Screen,
Sr. Rugby, Sr. Hockey.

W. Snyder, Sr. Hockey.

G. Shepherd, Sr. Rugby.

M. Sondek, Sr. Rugby.

J. Swift, Sr. Rugby.

R. Watson,
Sr. Rugby, Jr. Hockey.

B. Skorupa, Mid. Rugby.

E. Bryant, Mgr., Jr. Hockey.

Meisterschaft
COLLEGE



J. Burgess, Mid. Rugby.

C. Bull, Mid. Rugby, Jr. Hockey.

S. Antrim, Mid. Rugby, Jr. Hockey.

J. Lawson, Capt., Jr. Hockey.

G. Lester, Mid. Rugby.

W. Hood, Mid. Rugby.

K. Dickin, Jr. Hockey.

C. Cribar, Jr. Hockey.

R. McCormick, Jr. Hockey.

E. Macdonald, Jr. Hockey.

A. Larose, Jr. Hockey.

G. Titmarsh, Mid. Rugby.

J. Sye, Jr. Hockey.

R. Sims, Mid. Rugby.

C. Pulford, Jr. Hockey.

R. Pulford, Jr. Hockey.

Weston Juniors Win Hockey Title But Seniors Drop Playoff Game

As was the case in rugby, Weston junior hockeyists are champions again this year. The seniors were not so lucky, for they were eliminated in the final game.

Mr. Skinner's juniors started things rolling by defeating Runnymede 3-0 and Forest Hill 6-0; but in the third game they suffered their only defeat, that being at the hands of Leaside, 5-1. The boys next went on to defeat Vaughan 4-1 and York Memorial 10-0. The scores of these last two games were made possible by Dicken and Eatough with three goals each, Lawson and Cribar two each while a single went to McCormick. The semi-finals saw Weston eliminate Vaughan 5-0 and the first game of the finals saw Weston and Leaside battle to a 2-2 tie. The championship was brought to Weston in the next game as Leaside went down 3-0. Lawson with two and La Rose with one were the scorers. The seniors went through the regular season without losing a game as they posted victories over Runnymede 3-1,

Forest Hill 3-0, Leaside 4-1 and York Memorial 4-2. For this fine performance special mention should be given to Don Head in goal, Watson and Wilf Chard on defence and Captain Dud Kearney up front.

The "Thompson men" continued their winning ways in the semi-finals by downing Forest Hill 6-0, while Runnymede held them to a 1-1 tie in the first game of the finals. In the last game Weston ran into an "off-night" and bowed 3-0 to Runnymede for their only loss.

Weston seniors lost only one game all season but that unfortunately meant losing the championship. The two main forward lines were as follows: first line, Kearney, Screen and Miller; second line, Grainger, Martini and Delaney; other forwards were Beardall, Snyder, Pimm and Longhouse. On the defence there was Watson, W. Chard, Mackie and Kent and between the pipes Don Head.

(Continued on page 77)



Above, the rugby board of strategy in session. Left, Mr. Thompson, right, Mr. Templeton.

Weston Seniors

CHARD, ALLAN

Captain—Halfback. A T.D.I.A.A. all-star again this year, "Fink" gained many yards on the long passes.

WATSON, BOB

Middle—Bob, playing his first year for the school, was a standout on the line.

SWIFT, JIM

Inside.—Jim was always a dependable blocker and a standout on defence.

KENT, HAROLD

End.—Harold was a speedy runner and could throw a hard tackle.

CHARD, WILF

Halfback.—Wilf, the shiftiest player on the team, was really a star at broken-field running.

SHEPHERD, GEORGE

Inside.—"Shep" strengthened his side of the line by his hard tackling.

KEARNEY, DUD

Quarterback.—Dud could really handle the ball well, and throw a long, accurate pass.

O'HARA, BARRY

End.—Barry was a good pass receiver and down-field tackler.

LARMAN, RAY

Snap.—Ray kept the boys on their toes while on the field. He broke up many of the enemies' plays coming through centre.

SONDEK, MITCH

Middle.—Mitch, a freshman to the team, really added some needed weight to the line.

MACKIE, BAZ

Half.—Baz was the utility man. He finished the season playing five positions.

CARROL, DON

End.—Don made a specialty of the short quarterback pass, and, as a result, he was an excellent pass receiver.

ABELS, PETE

Middle.—This was Pete's first year playing for the school but he fitted in perfectly with his hard tackling.

BEDARD, BUZ

Halfback. Buz, the fastest man on the team, could really gain yards around end.

JOHNSON, NORTON

Inside. Nort added much weight to the line and was a dependable blocker.

MILLER, RUDY

Quarterback.—Rudy could throw a sharp pass and was really adept at running back kicks.

DRAPER, CARL

Inside. Carl used his weight to advantage by opening wide holes for the plunger.

SONDEK, ED.

Halfback.—Our T.D.I.A.A. all-star plunger, Ed. played the final game with his arm in a cast.

SIMPSON, DANNY

End.—The hardest tackler on the team, Dan always played his heart out on the field.

RUSSEL, DANNY

Inside. Dan, an effective blocker, could really open those holes.

SCREEN, GEORGE

Halfback.—George was an excellent plunger and also a bone-crushing tackler.

TOMKOW, TOM

Waterboy.—Tom and Ken Thompson deserve a great deal of credit for the way they looked after the team. They were always on hand to keep the boys supplied with their many needs.

NEIL, DOUG

Manager.—Doug was a great help to not only the team but also to Mr. Thompson. You could often see Doug dashing through the halls on a game day handling the business affairs of the team.

MR. THOMPSON

Coach.—Again this year Mr. Thompson formed a strong team that ended up on the short side in the finals. We sincerely hope that next year is the year that Weston hits the top and wins that valuable piece of silverware — the T.D.I.A.A. Senior Cup.

Weston Midgets

Santo Martini—Quarterback—"What an Arm." Mart's wonderful quarter-backing helped greatly this season.

Ken Cochrane—Flying Wing—Ken really threw his weight around on those key blocks.

Jim Burgess—Middle—Jim could both block and tackle well. He opened many a hole in the line.

Ron Attwell—Half—Ron's hands and legs really did their stuff this year. He scored many majors.

Al. Smitten—End—Al. knew and played his position well.

Ken Goddard—End—Ken was an excellent pass receiver and blocked well on the offensive.

Bob Thrush—Flying Wing—Bob was in there with all he had. He played his position well.

Bob Sim—Half—Little credit was given to Bob but he was our greatest yardage gainer on the ground.

Bob Zennette—Half—Although hampered by injuries Bob's speed was useful at all times.

Ron Starnino—Middle—Ron bowled the opposition over when he threw his weight around.

Doug Lee—Snap—Doug was an excellent snap. He had plenty of weight and knew how to use it.

Harold Peddle—End—Harold played hard every moment he was on the field.

Bruce Lee—Middle—Bruce was in there pitching all the time.

Ted Weston—Half—Ted was a great broken field runner and had a well trained toe.

Chuck Bull—Inside—When Chuck hit someone they knew it. He opened many holes in the line.

Bruce Noble—Inside—Bruce was another of our bruisers. He also was in there all the time.

Walt Hood—Snap—Walt put everything he had into the games and was a good all round player.

Stew Antram—Half—In spite of his ankle injury in the earlier part of the season he made a good comeback.

Bert Johnson—Inside—Bert was a first year boy and was a hard lineman.

Glenn Titmarsh—Middle—Glen worked hard and could block and tackle well.

Harold Bailey—Inside—Harold knew his position and as a result he both blocked and tackled well.

Russell Ruyswick—Inside—"Rus" was another of our bruisers. He was in there trying all the time.

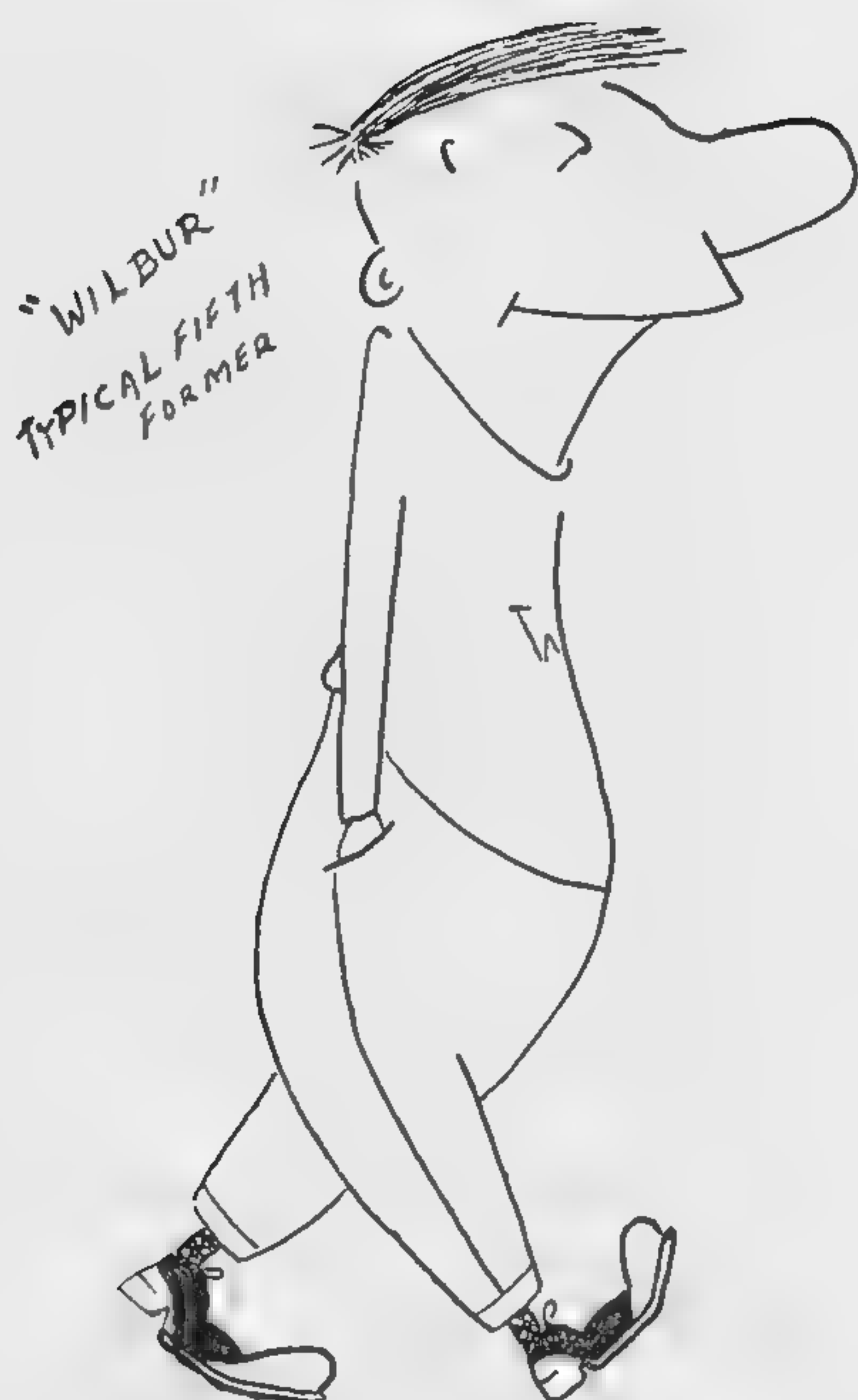
Bunny Skorupa—End—Captain. Selected as the most valuable midget player this year.

Don Semple—Don was always in there when water or assistance was needed.

Bill Loveless—Bill was a great help to both the team and Mr. Templeton.

Mr. Templeton—Mr. T's hard work finally paid off this season with the TDIAA championship. The fellows appreciate Mr. T's work very much. His able coaching has brought Weston five titles in the last seven years. This is certainly quite a record.





Senior Hockey Team

- Al Beardall—skated fast and worked hard all the way.
- Wilf "Pop" Chard—defence, once he got going he just couldn't be stopped.
- Jim Delaney—right wing, fought hard whether winning or losing.
- Dick Grainger—centre, scored many a goal despite the handicap of being hit on the head.
- Don Head—goal, only one word for Don—"terrific."
- "Dud" Kearney—centre, captain, the opposition just couldn't stop him.
- Bob Longhouse—forward, played any position equally well.
- Baz Mackie—defense, our solid citizen and hockey player combined.
- Orlando Martini—left wing, always played a hard clean game.
- Rudy Miller—right wing, he fought hard all the way.
- Ted Pimm—centre, led many a successful rush on the net.
- George Screen—left wing, a veteran full of action.
- Bill Snyder—right wing, always fighting for that puck.
- Bob Watson—defense, his tireless efforts spurred the team to many a victory.
- Garold Kent—defense, the all American boy.
- Mr. Thompson—well liked and appreciated by all the boys.

Junior Hockey Team

- Jack Lawson—Captain, Right Wing. Jack is always a threat to the opposition and is a fast skater with an excellent shot.
- "Sonny" La Rose—Centre. Sonny is a fast skater and always gives his best no matter how hard the going.
- Keith Dickin—Left Wing. Keith is an excellent skater and starts many rushes with his effective passes.
- Clarke Pulford—Defence. Here is a man of great strength to the team on defence. Clarke is very good at stopping rushes.
- Ed. Macdonald—Defence. Ed is a Second year man adding a great deal of strength to the defence and is good at leading rushes.
- Gary Eatough—Right Wing. Gary is an excellent stickhandler and is very effective at killing off penalties.
- Bob Bulford—Centre. Bob is very effective at killing off penalties, and is a good play-maker.
- Craig Cribar—Left Wing. Craig is a fast skater and is very effective around the net.
- Don Trimble—Defence. Don never makes a mistake and can stop the best of them.
- "Chuck" Bull—Chuck is very dependable and adds a great deal of strength to the defence. (Defence)
- Jack Sye—Left Wing. Jack is a good all-round player, and can hand out the hardest of body checks.
- Ralph McCormick—Right Wing. Ralph being small is at a disadvantage, but I don't think he was aware of this because he broke through the opposition defence many times.
- Doug Lee—Goal. Doug is a treat to watch as he stopped many a shot from the position letting very few get by. Doug is an all around good goal-tender.
- Pat Falby—Left Wing. Pat is a good skater and always gives his best while on the ice.
- Mr. H. F. Skinner—Coach. This year's team is a success thanks to Mr. Skinner who coached us through to the playoffs.

1950 INTER-FORM CHAMPIONS

- Hockey—Senior—13A
—Intermediate—10AB
—Junior—9B
- Basketball—Senior—13AB
—Intermediate—V10A
—Junior—V9A
- Softball—Senior—11ABC
—Intermediate—10C, V10C
—Junior—9B
- Track and Field—Senior—12AB
—Intermediate—V10B
—Junior—9B
- Rugby—Senior—12AB
—Intermediate—10ABC
—Junior—V9E

Track and Field

In our own track and field meet Bunny Skorupa was the junior champion, Reynold "Buz" Bedard the intermediate champion, and Don Carrol the senior champion.

In the T.D.I.A.A. track and field meet at East York Memorial Stadium, special mention should be given to Ernie Chapman who placed first and set a new record for the senior discus throw. Ernie also holds the T.D.I.A.A. intermediate record for the discus throw. Others from Weston to carry off ribbons were Bunny Skorupa, who placed second in the junior boys' 220 yards dash and Santo Martini, who placed third in the junior boys' shot-put.

The 1950 Gym Team

Last spring Weston's Gym Team entered T.D.I.A.A. competition at Etobicoke and came out by placing second. The meet included movements on the mats, parallel bar and high bar. Coached by Mr. Scott, the fellows more than held their own.

Dick White was the individual high bar champion of the T.D.I.A.A. and also placed third in parallel bar competition. Dick scored the enviable total of 267 points out of a possible 300. Other members of this team were Len and Jim Taylor, Charlie Snyder, Vic Uzbilis and Frank Flavelle.

Customer in restaurant: These eggs are a bit old, aren't they?

Waitress: Don't ask me. I just laid the table.

* * *

Marge: That girl boasts that she has been kissed by every boy in this room except one.

Neil (absently): I wonder who he can be?

* * *

Beryl (after a basket ball game): Who gave you the black eye?

Sheila: Nobody gave it to me. I had to fight for it.

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Girls Sports

Archery

Weston's archery team was certainly successful this year. On October 19th, Mary Jane Knapp, Helen LeGard, June Vaughan and Sheila Semple brought home for the first time the T.D.I.A.A. championship in archery.

The meet was held in the two gyms at Etobicoke Collegiate. The competing teams were from Vaughan, Runnymede, Etobicoke, and York Memorial. Etobicoke proved to be the strongest opposition. Weston won with 1136 points, but Etobicoke was a close second with 1074 points.

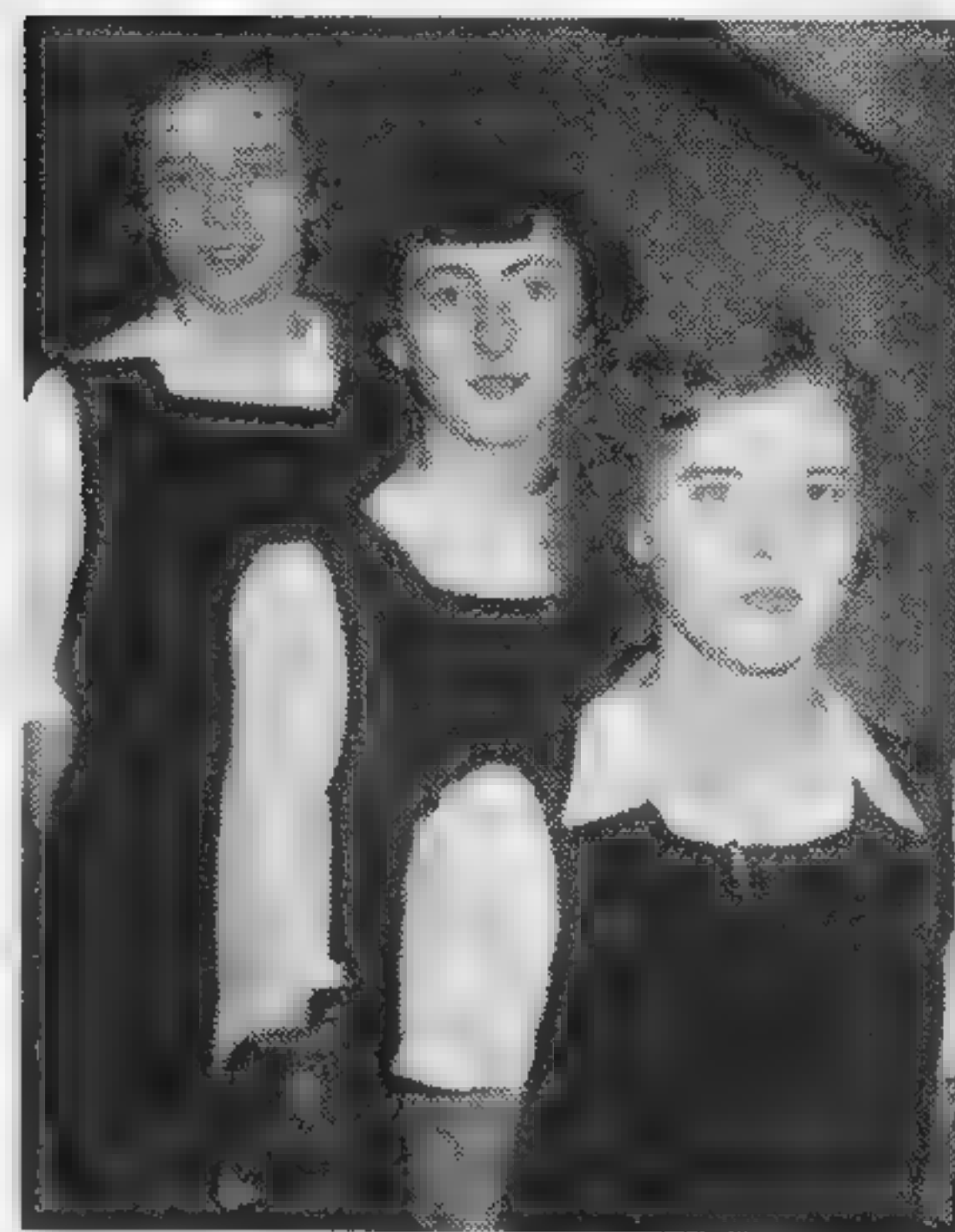
The school is proud of its four "Robin Hoods" and W.C.V.S. extends them enthusiastic congratulations. Let's keep the championship here next year!



Above, the champion junior girls' basketball team of "49-50". Back row, left to right, Carol Slater, Gail Hamilton, Barbara Snider, Jeannine Ofield. Middle row, left to right, Margaret Neely, Norma Wardrope, Joan Dring, Joan Fleury. Front row, left, Doris Bowes, right, Roma Kaiser.

Bowling

The girls of W. C. V. S. continued their bowling league again this year at Weston Bowling Lanes on Monday night after school. The league consisted of eight teams with approximately fifty girls taking part. On March 5, the final meeting for this year, prizes were given to the top team and the runner-up for the season. The captain of the winning team was Sandra Sanders. The teams captained by Marvinna Brown, 13B, and Emily Masusine, C12, were tied as runners-up. Emily also won prizes for the highest single and double scores. We hope that next year the enthusiasm will be even greater.



Above, the field day champions last year. Left to right, Marilyn Graff, junior; Marilyn Ellins, senior; and Pat Cowman, intermediate.

Badminton

Badminton this year has been a great success with two instruction periods every noon hour on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Three of the school's students, Pat Cowman, Barbara Clarkson and Joan Maguire, under the guidance of Miss Leckie, were the competent instructors and helped the girls to improve their playing. All the girls had a lot of fun competing against one another and learning to play a better game.

Tumbling

Early in February, Miss Leckie organized a tumbling class to participate in the Gym Display at the Annual Exhibition. A few of the group are almost experts, having had experience in other tumbling groups. Practices were held every Tuesday and Thursday after school with Helen Legard, a fourth form student demonstrating what they were expected to do.

In the lower gyms the girls lined up around the mats wondering if they could do as well as this one and hoping that they could do better than that one. In a few lessons, most of the girls were well on the way to success.

The pyramids were practised upstairs where Miss Leckie sat in front of the mats counting one, two... nine, ten! At the count of ten, the pyramid gave a sigh of relief and collapsed into many pieces. The girls practised hard but the result was certainly worth it, and the graceful display on Exhibition night, March 9, brought much applause.

Initiation

An initiation party to welcome the girls of grade nine to W. C. V. S. was held soon after the beginning of the school year. The main feature was a fashion show, typical of the 1920's, with Helen Snyder as mistress of ceremonies. Surprisingly enough, the winner among all those "flappers" as judged by the applause of the audience was Joy Anderson, lost in a tattered, but up-to-date rugby uniform. Following this, the cheerleaders led a practice of the school yells in preparation for the approaching rugby season. The grade niners were taken down to the cafeteria for refreshments and afterwards returned to the gym to dance.

The newcomers emerged from the party without make-up, their hair knotted in numerous tiny rags, tunic belts tied around their necks, one black stocking rolled to the knee and wearing odd shoes.



Above, the champion senior girls' volleyball team, '50-'51. At the front, Nancy Brum, left, and Lois Woolfrey, right. Second row, left to right, Marion Ault, Marvinna Brown, Barbara Clarkson. Third row, left to right, Agnes Lintner, Yvonne Foerter, Pat Devins, Jane Campbell. Back row, left to right, Beryl Hiles, Mary Lou Caskey, Joan Maguire, Pat Cowman.

Track and Field

The annual Track and Field meet was held in May, 1950. Events in the girls' meet were, high jump, standing broad jump, 75 yard dash, 100 yard dash, baseball throw and basketball throw in Junior, Intermediate and Senior divisions. Inter-form events consisted of spiral, baseball and shuttle relays in grades 9, 10, 11 and 12. Winners of individual competition were, Marilyn Graff, Junior champion; Pat Cowman 12-B, Intermediate champion; Marilyn Ellins 12A, Senior champion.

As a result of the inter-form competition including the results of both the girls' and boys' meets 12B was the proud winner of the shield.

Folk Dancing

The colourful folk-dances viewed by those at the Gym Display, on Friday, March 9, were the result of long hours of practice by the girls of 9A, under the direction of Miss Cornish. In addition, the girls demonstrated a series of rhythmic exercises set to music, designed to promote good posture and grace. Their performance was outstanding, and greatly contributed to the success of our Annual Exhibition.

Play Days

On Nov. 2nd Vaughan Road was host to the Senior and Junior volley-ball teams from Weston. The seniors, from 13AB and CH12 were victorious, winning two out of three games.

The less fortunate juniors from Grade 11, lost two games but came back to win the third and final game. The teams from both schools were well matched and the games were close from beginning to end.

On Nov. 23, a volleyball Jamboree was held at Vaughan Road this time for the girls from grade 12. This took the form of a tournament and representatives from different Toronto schools stayed for supper. The opposition was too strong for Weston; and Vaughan Road were champions, defeating East York in the final game.

The combined forces of Grades 12 and 13 went to Earl Haig for a basketball tournament. Weston managed to win three out of five games, but was defeated in the first two. The champions were the girls from Etobicoke, who defeated Port Credit in the finals. Supper was included in the invitation and a good time was had by all.



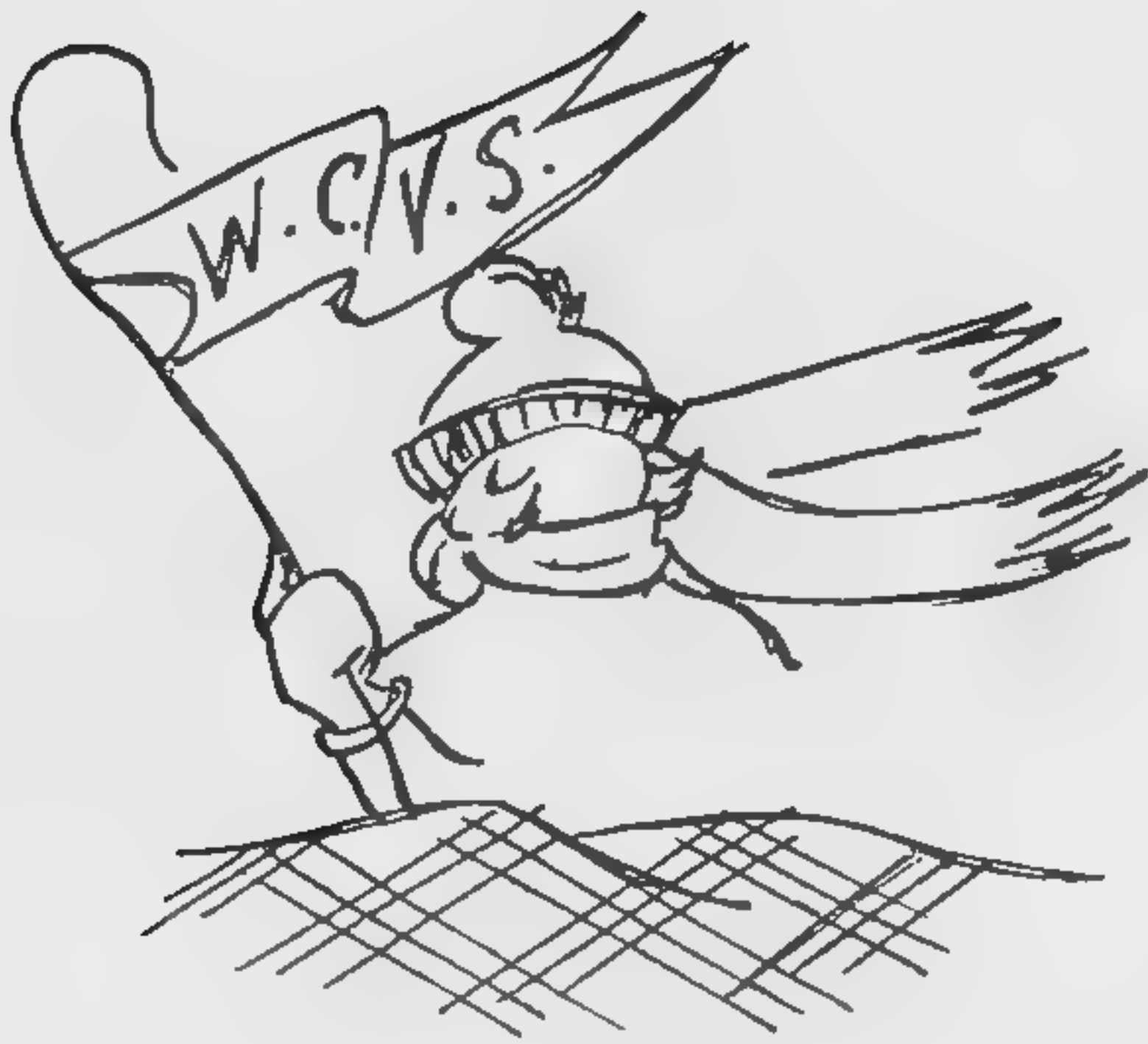
Above, the champion intermediate volleyball team, '50-'51. Back row, left to right, Mary Connell, Jeannine O'field, Barbara Snider. Middle row, left to right, Lynne Shantz, Joan Dring, Nancy Scott. Front row, left to right, Nancy Mowbray, Sandra Stoddart, Jane Longstaff.

Volleyball

Inter-form volleyball began early in the school year and each form entered a team. The winner of each division was the team with the least number of losses.

In the Junior division, 9A was successful and was captained by Phyllis Peters. In the Intermediate division, 10B was captained by Barbara Snyder.

Winners in the Senior division, the girls of 13A-B, also captured the shield in play-offs against the Junior and Intermediate champions.



JOAN 13B.

Cheer Leaders, 1950-51

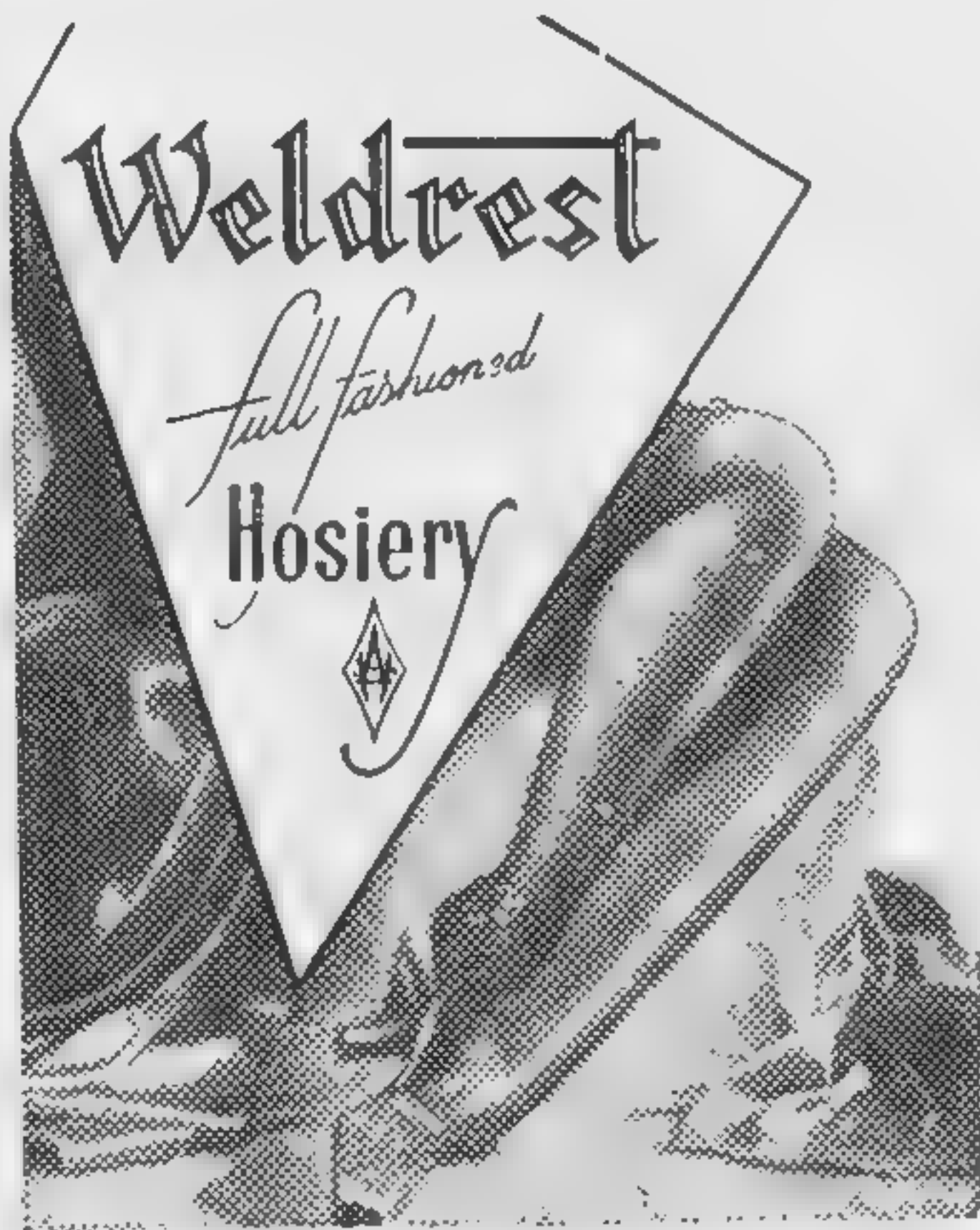
Cheerleaders Beryl Milroy, Joy Anderson, Mary Jane Bennett, Sheila Semple, Mary Jane Knapp and Jackie Saville capably led the school yells at rugby games this year, arrayed in colourful ensembles of navy and light blue. They appeared on the job not only for rugby but hockey games as well and supported "the blue and white" throughout a very successful season.



Above, the champion senior girls' basketball team '50-'51. Back row, left to right, Beryl Hiles, Joan Maguire, Mary Lou Caskey, Pat Cowman. Middle row, left to right, Agnes Lintner, Marian Ault, Pat Devins, Marvinna Brown. Front row, left to right, Wilma Adair, Barbara Clarkson, Lois Woolfrey.

Basketball

With the basketball season at its height, we are still awaiting the results of the Intermediate and Junior tournaments. In the Senior Division the girls of 13A-B won the championship in competition with grade twelve and playoffs against grade eleven. Competition for shield honours will continue when the Juniors and Intermediate tournaments have been decided.



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Above, the girl's archery team. Left to right, Sheila Semple, Mary Jane Knapp, June Vaughan, Helen Legard.

Flight 6

(Continued from page 18)

under, and I was left all alone on the tossing waves. I noticed a piece of wing afloat about fifty feet away.

Having reached the wing, I crawled up on it, stretched out like a contented cat. I became dizzy for a few seconds, but this feeling left me as I scanned the sky for some particle of life. All I could see was blank sky with dark, stormy clouds. After what must have been at least two hours, the clouds went away, leaving the scorching sun bearing down upon me. I was hungry and thirsty. I guess it became worse because I was lonely and had nothing to think about but myself and my hunger. I began to get drowsy and my throat was parched. I decided if I closed my eyes, the heat wouldn't feel so very intense. I must have fallen asleep, because when I awoke, the water was calm and the sky clear. As I looked around me once more, my eyes beheld a tiny uninhabited island, covered with trees. With renewed energy, I jumped up, forgetting my hunger and thirst. Since the island was about thirty yards away, I decided to swim for it.

Upon reaching the island, I searched first for food. The first thing I could find was a coconut. After eating my fill, I decided to explore the island a bit. It was

To a Wallflower

Have you ever stood waiting for a request
To dance with a young man of some
interest?

Watching young couples dance dreamily by
Darting soft glances with love in their eye,
And woefully think of your present
position

Supporting a wall which is in bad condition,
And looking about you to see who advances
Oh what will you talk about inbetween
dances?

But then you are taken aback by surprise
As some beautiful lass steals him right from
your eyes,

And you lean back again with a look of
despair

And say to yourself, that it just isn't fair
Then the last dance is over, you slip from
your place

Oh why in the world couldn't you change
your face! —Carol Beacon, 12^A

a small tropical island. I found a cave and since it was empty, I decided to make it my home for the present. As night descended, I made a fire and lay down to sleep.

Life was quiet on my island. I made a spear like the stone-age men used. This is what I used when I went out on my raft to fish. The piece of wing from my plane had come in handy as a raft.

On the 14th day of my seclusion, a plane circled above and I was full of hope. I ran to the beach waved, shouted, and did everything in my power to attract their attention, but they went away. Two days later, while I was out on my raft, drifting in the sun, a plane again circled. This time, I was lucky. I must say that I was never so glad to see a human being in my whole life. On our way home, I told my rescuers of my adventure, but they would not believe me. They showed me their map and exactly where they found me drifting on the floating piece of wing. The doctors told me it was a mirage, but I know it wasn't and someday I'll prove it.

—A. Grimoldby, C12.

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GRADUATION NEWS!



13A



REYNOLD "BUZ" BEDARD
 Ambition—To be another Joe Krol.
 Destination—Toronto Argos (Ottawa Rough Riders).
 Asset—He's a Toni twin.
 Activity—Rugby, Eaton's rep.
 Saying—"What's it with you, Vic."
 Aversion—All girls but one "J".



JOAN BRITTON
 Ambition—Dental nurse.
 Destination—12 kids (cheaper than the dozen).
 Asset—Winning smile.
 Activity—Skiing.
 Aversion—Teachers.
 Saying—Here is a girl who is hard to beat, with her sense of fun and smile so sweet.



CHARLES "CHUCK" BULL
 Ambition—M. D. (Midnight dreamer).
 Destination—Lawyer, good arguer.
 Activity—Midget rugby.
 Aversion—English.
 Asset—Curly hair???
 Saying—"I dunno."



ALLAN "FINK" CHARD
 Ambition—Civil engineer.
 Destination—Toronto Argos.
 Activity—Rugby, hockey.
 Asset—One false tooth.
 Aversion—Baz's compass.
 Saying—"Watch out, here I come."



JOHN COOPER
 Ambition—To be another Harry James.
 Destination—Club leader.
 Asset—One slightly used drum.
 Activity—Murdering above instrument.
 Saying—"Hi sport."
 Aversion—Keeping dates.



JOE DABROWSKI
 Ambition—Mechanical engineer.
 Destination—Old Men's Home.
 Aversion—Jim Lowrie.
 Activity—Driving an "Olds."
 Saying—"I work at Loblaws too as well as in class."



DOUG "TROUT" FISHER
 Ambition—Financier.
 Destination—To go broke (already is).
 Saying—"I wrote it but I can't seem to read it, Sir."
 Activity—Selling W. C. V. S.
 Asset—One battered trumpet.
 Avers.—Dancing cheek to cheek?



JOHN FORSTER
 Ambition—Civil engineer.
 Destination—Among the best.
 Activity—Lending notes.
 Asset—One good brain.
 Saying—Not much.
 Aversion—Marks below 75.

MIKE GRAINGER

Ambition—Professional transient.
Destination—N. W. Territories.
Aversion—Paying attention.
Activity—A trig brain.
Saying—Sleeping in Trig classes.
Asset—CENSORED.



STUDLEY KEARNEY

Ambition—To pass 4th History.
Destination—Janitor at Riverdale
Aversion—Anything strenuous.
Activity—Bothering people.
Asset—Curly hair.
Saying—"I dunno, Sir."



BERNARD "BAZ" MACKIE

Ambition—A house that Baz built.
Destination—Lower Slobovia.
Aversion—Wielding a compass,
Senior rugby and hockey.
Activity—One slightly used gym
Saying—"But the logs must be
wrong, Sir."
Asset—Stag lines.



JIM MAW

Ambition—Chemical engineer.
Destination—Maw's elevator.
Aversion—Writing form news.
Activity—Form news reporter for
13A.
Asset—'33 Ford.
Saying—"Mother."



ALAN NEWSOME

Ambition—Nurse.
Destination—A small bungalow.
Aversion—Symphony Rep.
Activity—Sharpie in Physics?
Asset—People who won't buy
tags for T. S. O.
Saying—"Hi, Punk."



DAVID PENGELLY

Ambition—Electrical engineer.
Destination—Another Einstein.
Activity—Fixing radios.
Aversion—People not interested in
Atom Bomb.
Asset—Slide rule.
Saying—"That's precisely my own
theory sir!"



TED PIMM

Ambition—To quit school.
Destination—Part time floor walk-
er.
Activity—Trying to do Maths.
Asset—A candy girl.
Saying—"On the morrow for
sure."
Aversion—Serious people.



BERYL HILES

Ambition—Medicine, U. of T.
Destination—B. V. Sc. (cat vet).
Aversion—Wearing a tunic.
Activity—Collecting sports crests,
C. T. form news.
Assets—Blonde and brilliant.
Saying—"Just think another week
before we see them again,
Anne."



ROBERT LONGHOUSE

Ambition—to be able to cook Chow
Mein.
Destination—Long order cook in a
short order restaurant.
Aversion—Girls who ignore him.
Activity—Drinking cokes.
Asset—A steady.
Saying—"Got your home work
done, Bob?"



EARL MARCHAND

Ambition—Electrical engineer.
Destination—Be a bachelor.
Aversion—Girls.
Asset—One slightly used radio.
Activity—Wearing a smart suit to
get picture taken.
Saying—"No, I don't think I will
go to Chemistry today, John."



ALLAN MILLARD

Ambition—Mr. Whiting's position.
Destination—Politician.
Aversion—Dumb people.
Activity—Assistant editor.
Asset—'50 Pontiac.
Saying—"Thomson really no one
could be that dumb."



BARRY O'HARA

Ambition—U. of W. Ont.
Destination—Politician (longwind-
ed.)
Asset—A previous year in 5th.
Activity—Senior rugby.
Aversion—Different methods of
geometry.
Saying—Arguing with Mr. Whit-
ing.



BOB PHILLIPS

Ambition—Pharmacist.
Destination—To be a Pharmer.
Aversion—The left side of the
seat in geometry class.
Asset—'49 Ford.
Activity—Advertising the C. T.
Saying—"Sweet nothings."



GEORGE SHEPHERD

Ambition—To get 100 in English.
Destination—Accountant.
Activity—English home work.
Saying—"I didn't get it done, Mr.
Boone."
Asset—A faithful side-kick (K.S.)





BILL SIBURN
 Ambition—To build a midget racer
 (that works).
 Destination—Baby sitter.
 Activities—Pruning trees.
 Asset—One ancient Chev.
 Saying—"I haven't got a square
 root."
 Aversion—A long period in one
 school.



KEN SMITH
 Ambition—M. D.
 Destination—Davie Jones Locke.
 Asset—Flash camera (no bulbs).
 Activities—Writing humorous
 essays.
 Saying—"Hurray, we have a lot
 more pictures to take."
 Aversion—French.



JIM SWIFT
 Ambition—Geologist.
 Destination—Breaking rocks at
 Kingston.
 Aversion—Physics exams.
 Asset—Brother's T. V.
 Activity—Causing trouble.
 Saying—"Don't worry me, I can
 take care of myself."



JOHN TAMLA
 Ambition—Medicine.
 Destination—Belgian Congo.
 Asset—Pleasing smile.
 Aversion—Being disturbed in
 spares.
 Saying—"Going to Chemistry to-
 day?"
 Activity—Glee Club.



ANN THOMSON
 Ambition—Nurse.
 Destination—Snake charmer.
 Aversion—Being caught with hair
 in pin curls.
 Asset—Humour—personality plus
 Activity—Being late, Orchestra,
 Glee Club.
 Saying—"Too much."



VICTOR UZBALIS
 Ambition—Engineer.
 Destination—C. N. R.
 Aversion—Baz's compass.
 Activity—Cab man.
 Asset—190 some odd lbs.
 Saying—"Silence is golden."



JOHN VAN HEZEWYK
 Ambition—Professional bobby pin
 bender.
 Destination—Success (at bending
 B. P.)
 Aversion—All this book larnin'.
 Activity—Chasing girls.
 Asset—Station wagon.
 Saying—"What's the definition
 of . . ."



BOB WATSON
 Ambition—To graduate from
 W. C. V. S.
 Destination—N. Korea.
 Aversion—Woodbridge Flyer.
 Asset—A Dodge.
 Saying—"Bob, wait for me."
 Activity—Sr. rugby and hockey.

13B



PETER ABELS
 Ambition—To play short stop for
 the New York Yankees.
 Destination—Bat boy for the
 Mimico Mice.
 Say—"I might have had the elastic
 in my hand but I didn't do it."
 Aversion—Giddy dames.
 Asset—Personality plus.
 Act—Senior rugby, talking to De-
 laney.



WILMA ADAIR
 Ambition—A charming nurse.
 Destination—Western U.
 Say—"When I was in Burks
 Falls . . . ?"
 Aversion—A front seat in Botany
 Asset—One good television set.
 Act—Conning Tower, Glee Club.



MARION AULT
 Ambition—Horse trainer.
 Destination—Macdonald Hall.
 Say—"Be quiet Marvinna."
 Aversion—Being called "Porky."
 Asset—Pleasing personality.
 Act—Glee Club, athletics.



MARVINA BROWN
 Ambition—To live and to enjoy
 every minute to a hundred.
 Destination—An I.D.A. Drug Store
 Say—I don't get it.
 Aversion—Smart people.
 Asset—79 in French A. but in Fr
 C . . . ?
 Act—Being late Monday mornings
 (thinking it was Sunday).

NANCY BRUM

Ambition—Nurse.
 Destination—Port Hope and ???
 Say—"You laugh boy!"
 Aversion—Trigonometry.
 Asset—Always knows a joke.
 Act—Glee Club, laughing.

**DON CARROLL**

Ambition—P. H. E.
 Destination—Korea.
 Say—As Bob Kimoff runs by with the ball, "Boy lookit him go."
 Aversion—Going to church.
 Asset—Good talker.
 Act—Glee Club, Senior rugby.

**FIONA CHRISTIE**

Ambition—Travelling Secretary.
 Destination—Diamonds.
 Say—She just giggles.
 Aversion—A full week of school.
 Asset—Boy friend with a '32 Ford.
 Act—Glee Club, photography, using her English classes as spares.

**PAT COWMAN**

Ambition—Physiotherapist.
 Destination—Britannia scrub woman.
 Say—"Oh Joan, I did not."
 Aversion—School beginning at 9 o'clock.
 Asset—Athletic ability.
 Act—Being late for school, C. T., Glee Club.

**PAT DEVINS**

Ambition—Normal.
 Destination—Milton.
 Say—"No, I won't lend you a thing Pete."
 Aversion—Borrowers.
 Asset—One gold pin.
 Act—Form rep., Simpson's Coll Club, Adv. Ed. of C. T., Glee Club, Student Council.

**BRUCE JEFFERY**

Ambition—To dig graves.
 Destination—Grave.
 Say—"I'm dead."
 Aversion—Homework.
 Asset—Boogey cut.
 Act—Orchestra.

**BERNARD MACDONALD**

Ambition—Chicago Black Hawks.
 Destination—"Un revenant."
 Say—"The Student Council decided last night."
 Aversion—School work.
 Asset—Playing on three hockey teams.
 Act—Glee Club, Form rep., baby sitting with a blonde.

**JANE CAMPBELL**

Ambition—School of Nursing at U. of T.
 Destination—Near Thistletown.
 Say—"Tell Allan to come down and see me".
 Aversion—People who don't have Pontiacs.
 Asset—Always busy.
 Act—T.S.O. Student Council, Activities Ed. of C.T., Glee Club.

**MARY LOU CASKEY**

Ambition—University College.
 Destination—Reform School.
 Say—"Well really I think that the answer is quite obvious."
 Aversion—Ann's little sister.
 Asset—One good brain.
 Act—Glee Club, trying to get to school on time, C. T. Art. Ed.

**BARBARA CLARKSON**

Ambition—Maybe a Normal Grad.
 Destination—Moon.
 Say—"Pourquoi?"
 Aversion—Anything fattening.
 Asset—1 pair of running shoes between 2 people.
 Act—Badminton, doing her homework on Sunday nights.

**JIM DELANEY**

Ambition—Lawyer.
 Destination—State Pen. — Kingston.
 Say—"Slash your wrist, will ya?"
 Aversion—Giddy dames.
 Asset—Sharp calculating mind (?)
 Act—Hockey, baseball, basketball.

**YVONNE FOERTER**

Ambition—University of Toronto.
 Destination—McGill.
 Say—"I don't know a thing."
 Aversion—Catching her bus.
 Asset—Brains.
 Act—C. T. Staff, Glee Club.

**AGNES LINTNER**

Ambition—To get out of 5th form.
 Destination—A housekeeper, serving gas.
 Say—"I hope Dad lets me go out tonight."
 Aversion—Report cards.
 Asset—She can speak German.
 Act—C. T. and Glee Club.

**JOAN MAGUIRE**

Ambition—Physiotherapist.
 Destination—Victoria College.
 Say—"I told Pat 7 o'clock; it's 9.50 now."
 Aversion—Exams.
 Asset—Flaming hair and personality plus.
 Act—All sports, Glee Club.





DOUG NEILL
 Ambition—Weight lifter.
 Destination—Hollywood.
 Say—"Who wants some tape?"
 (to the football team).
 Aversion—Doing anything right.
 Asset—Giving a bum steer to the
 football announcer.
 Act—Rugby manager, Glee Club.



GERALDINE OVIATT
 Ambition—To return to her native
 Alberta.
 Destination—Some place south
 north, or east.
 Say—"Come in and rob Reward?"
 Aversion—Late hours in the store.
 Asset—Charming smile.
 Act—Working after school.



JOAN SCHULER
 Ambition—Model.
 Destination—Walter Thornton's
 wife.
 Say—"To Mr. Christie, 'Doesn't im-
 pero take the vocative case?'"
 Aversion—When Mr. Christie an-
 swers, "No, it takes the da-
 tive."
 Asset—Skilled hand with the paint
 brush.
 Act—Painting, rugby, pictures,
 Glee Club, C. T. staff.



BETTY THOMAS
 Ambition—To be a blushing bride.
 Destination—To live in the sticks.
 Say—"Oh for the week-ends!"
 Aversion—Jimmy Maw's jokes.
 Asset—Always missing her exams.
 Act—C. T. form news.



ANN WEST
 Ambition—Physiotherapist.
 Destination—Varsity.
 Say—"I wonder which one will
 turn up tonight."
 Aversion—French.
 Asset—A charming blush.
 Act—Selling shoes on Saturdays.



ELWOOD WILSON
 Ambition—Someone to call his
 own.
 Destination—Weston High.
 Say—He doesn't.
 Aversion—Week-ends.
 Asset—A grin all the time.
 Act—Making money on the side.



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**LOIS WOOLFREY**

Ambition—Nursing.

Destination—Western or St. Michael's.

Say—"I still maintain that good things come in small packages."

Aversion—Boys who aren't 6' 1" and haven't black hair.

Asset—Lots of vim and vigor.

Act—Glee Club, C. T. staff.

H12**BETTY BEAL**

Ambition—Seamstress.

Destination—Housewife.

Say—"Could do."

Aversion—Ballet dancers.

Asset—Blue eyes.

Act—Watching hockey games, bowling.

RUTH BIRD

Ambition—Sewing teacher.

Destination—Woolworth's.

Say—"Have a BIRD."

Aversion—Roller skating (Ha! Ha!)

Asset—Freckles.

Act—Roller skating, roller skating and more roller skating.

**OLIVE DODGSON**

Ambition—Seamstress.

Destination—Mother of four.

Say—"I love him."

Aversion—Bananas (Ha! Ha!)

Asset—Long blonde hair.

Act—Baby sitting, movies, and bowling.

IRENE ERSKINE

Ambition—Lab. Tech.

Destination—Mother of twelve—"Cheaper by the dozen."

Say—"Where's my wallet?"

Aversion—Boys under 15.

Asset—Small lips.

Act—Dancing, swimming.

**LETA MELCHOIR**

Ambition—Lab. Tech.

Destination—Comptometer operator.

Say—"It's all your fault."

Aversion—People who drink with food in their mouths.

Asset—Pleasant smile.

Act—Movies, swimming, skating, bowling, news editor.

C12**ALDONA BULZGIS
(CAL'DONIA)**

Amb.—Marriage for love, looks and money.

Dest.—Marriage for money.

Asset.—That "vory" look.

Aver.—School Days.

Act.—Eaton's Rep.

Say.—Got any gum?

IRENE CHERWINSKI

Amb.—The perfect secretary.

Dest.—Gay Paree.

Asset.—Blonde locks.

Aver.—English teachers.

Act.—Gymnastics.

Say.—Isn't that maddening!

**LOUISE DAVIDSON**

Amb.—To graduate from school.

Dest.—C12—1960.

Asset.—Curly hair.

Aver.—Math.

Act.—Lately Woodbridge show.

Say.—Wouldn't that! ! !

AUDREY DOWN

Amb.—Another perfect secretary.

Dest.—Workin' in a snack bar.

Asset.—Brains, brains, and more brains.

Act.—Mr. McLean's assistant.

Say.—Oh! for heaven's sake.





JO-ANNE GREENWOOD (JOE)
 Aver.—The 3-minute limit on telephone calls.
 Act.—Innocent?
 Asset.—Good looks and a good
 Amb.—Head secretary at Kodak.
 Dest.—Janitor's secretary at Ko-
 Say.—I never say much!

AUDREY GRIMOLDBY (AUDIE)
 Asset.—A smile for everybody.
 Dest.—Housewife.
 Amb.—Nil.
 dak.
 disposition.
 Act.—Secretary to the Student
 Council.
 Aver.—Mixed up lunch hours.
 Say.—Roo-tee-too!



GLORIA HAWMAN (KITTY)
 Amb.—Farmer's wife.
 Dest.—Farmer's wife (surprise)
 Asset.—Big brown eyes.
 Act.—Skating and dancing.
 Aver.—Speed tests, (typing that
 is).
 Say.—What did you do last night-
 I

EMIL MARUSINEC (EM)
 Amb.—To be the perfect house-
 wife.
 Dest.—Baby - sitting on hockey
 nights.
 Asset.—Tops in sports.
 Aver.—Running the Dictaphone
 Act.—She can do anything better
 than you.
 Sa.—Oh!



JACKIE SAVILLE (JOHNNY)
 Amb.—To get her driver's license.
 Dest.—Toronto General—result of
 crash.
 Asset.—A 1931 Plymouth when her
 Dad gets his '51.
 Act.—Lots of things.
 Aver.—Short skirts (on other
 people).
 Say.—Oh, my Gollies!

C Special



ANN BROUGHTON
 Amb.—Bookkeeper.
 Des.—Weisdorf's.
 Asset.—Brown eyes.
 Aver.—Shorthand.
 Act.—Basketball, Conning Tower,
 and Decoration Committee.
 Say.—“What did you do on the
 week-end?”

MURRAY DEWELL
 Amb. To finish the year.
 Des.—C-Special 51-52.
 Asset.—A girls' class.
 Aver.—Females.
 Act.—Escorting 16 girls in class.
 Say.—“It's getting lonely around
 here.”



MARILYN ELLINS
 Amb.—Private secretary.
 Des.—Housewife.
 Asset.—One good rugby player.
 Aver.—Economics
 Act.—Basketball.
 Say.—“Who is going to buy the
 life-savers?”

DOREEN FOY
 Amb.—To get married.
 Des.—Florida.
 Asset.—Bill.
 Aver.—Tunics
 Act.—Writing letters.
 Say.—“Down among the shelter-
 ing palms.”



ANNE GILMOUR
 Amb.—Housewife.
 Des.—Windsor.
 Asset.—Jerry.
 Aver.—Economics.
 Act.—Waiting for the postman.
 Say.—“Good heavens!”

BESSIE HUGHSTON
 Amb.—Secretary.
 Des.—Young People's secretary.
 Asset.—Gay personality.
 Aver.—Economics.
 Act.—Getting out of trouble.
 Say.—“I wasn't the only one!”





ROSALIE HRADOWY
 Amb.—Private secretary.
 Des.—Housewife.
 Asset.—Blonde hair.
 Aver.—Waiting for Anne J.
 Act.—Orchestra, Glee Club, and
 basketball.
 Say.—“Gees.”

LOIS JAGO
 Amb.—Private secretary.
 Des.—Moore's Business Forms.
 Asset.—Nice smile.
 Aver.—Economics class.
 Act.—Laughing.
 Say.—“I just about died.”



JOYCE KELLAM
 Amb.—Private secretary.
 Des.—Filing clerk.
 Asset.—A pair of shoes to match
 every skirt.
 Aver.—Economics.
 Act.—A walk every noon hour.
 Say.—“Hey Bessie, what did you
 get in . . . ?”

JANE McARTHUR
 Amb.—Secretary.
 Des.—Clerk.
 Asset.—Pretty hair.
 Aver.—Appendix operations.
 Act.—Escorting Marg.
 Say.—“Did you see that?”



CATHERINE MOWAT
 Amb.—Private secretary.
 Des.—Beamish stores.
 Asset.—Natural curly hair.
 Aver.—Short lunch hour.
 Act.—Talking to Rosalie.
 Say.—“Where are you typing?”

ROSE MUNT
 Amb.—\$50.00 a week to start.
 Des.—Beamish stores.
 Asset.—One phone call a week (if
 she's lucky).
 Aver.—Economics.
 Act.—Waiting for him to phone.
 Say.—“Wat's the do . . . worm??”



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**MARG PLEWES**

Amb.—To get her 5th form and some of Special
 Des.—To be a shoe clerk's wife.
 Asset.—A boy friend.
 Aver.—Anything requiring deep concentration.
 Act.—Baby sitting.
 Say.—“Where are we supposed to be in typing?”

LORNA THOMPSON

Amb.—To own a ranch.
 Des.—To be a farmer's wife.
 Asset.—Good marks.
 Aver.—Eggs.
 Act.—Knowing her shorthand.
 Say.—She doesn't

**BETTY TINGLEY**

Amb.—To pass.
 Des.—Marriage.
 Asset.—Dimples.
 Aver.—Math.
 Act.—Always has her bookkeeping done.
 Say.—“I heard a good joke.”

JOAN McALLISTER

Amb.—Secretary.
 Des.—Matrimony.
 Asset.—Long hair.
 Aver.—Homework.
 Act.—Basketball, Glee Club.
 Say.—“Egad Woman.”

**V12****J. D. BROOKS**

Ambition—Electrician.
 Destination—Truck Driver.
 Aversion—King.
 Asset—One 1932 Chev. truck.
 Act—Cranking the Chev.
 Say—Let's go to Weston to-night.

MORLEY CAMERON

Ambition—Cabinet Maker.
 Destination—Country church yard.
 Aversion—P. E.
 Asset—One worn-out pencil.
 Act—Eating.
 Say—What have you got against music?

**BOB CARRUTHERS**

Ambition—Hot Rod Mechanic.
 Destination—Sanitation Administrator, (Garbage Collector).
 Aversion—Non-Chev. owners.
 Asset—Dual “musical” horns on the '48.
 Say—You can't beat these Chevs.

VINCENT CASSAR

Ambition—Electrician.
 Destination—Korea.
 Aversion—Butch, Grump.
 Asset—Broken down job.
 Act—Buck, Buck.
 Say—Going down Doug.

**JOHN FORSTER**

Ambition—Machine shop instructor.
 Destination—Frankie Carle's stand-in.
 Aversion—Girls who giggle for no reason at all.
 Asset—An appreciation of music.
 Act—President of Student Council.
 Say—Aw nuts!

BILL FREELAND

Ambition—To trick a teacher.
 Destination—Riding the rods.
 Aversion—Guys who cash their own pop bottles.
 Asset—One crop of hair, (harvested).
 Act—Collecting pop bottles.
 Say—Give me your pop bottles.

**BOB HALSE**

Ambition—Bridge Designer.
 Destination—Loblaws, (cellar boy)
 Aversion—English essays.
 Asset—“The Thing.”
 Act—Licking stamps for Mac, (T. R. C.).
 Say—You just don't look right to me.

DONALD HEMS

Ambition—Draftsman A.
 Destination—Royal Canadian Air Force.
 Aversion—Loblaws.
 Asset—Red pencils.
 Act—Getting “86” in English.
 Say—Let's go in the restaurant, you guys.



**BERT HINTON**

Ambition—Tool maker.
 Destination—In the garbage business with Carruthers.
 Aversion—Women.
 Asset—One Model A Ford.
 Act—Gymnastics.
 Say—No kidding?

FRED KAINZ

Ambition—City Morgue.
 Destination—27 and Queen Elizabeth.
 Aversion—Reckless drivers.
 Asset—Motorcycle.
 Act—Motorcycle racing.
 Say—Now I wouldn't say that.

**GORDON KING**

Ambition—Electrical-(???)
 Destination—Who knows.
 Aversion—Visitors.
 Asset—One dapper, of a hat.
 Act—Getting Grump's goat.
 Say—Are you going to Weston, Grump?

DON LANG

Ambition—To get out of W.C.V.S.
 Destination—Wherever he can go.
 Aversion—School.
 Act—Women
 Asset—Nothing.
 Say—Hi Bob. What's new in the hot-rod world?

**LEONARD LUND**

Ambition—Commercial artist.
 Destination—Fighting a-g-ainst Communism.
 Aversion—One lost book—(Mr. Evans).
 Asset—One large, heavy coat.
 Act—"Publicity". Draftsman.
 Say—Did you do your essay?

FRED MESSACAR

Ambition—A draftsman.
 Destination—V-12 in 1955.
 Aversion—Dirty erasers.
 Asset—One dozen chewed up pencils.
 Act—Sharpening same.
 Say—Here we go again!

**DAVE REES**

Ambition—Toolmaker.
 Destination—Toolroom—(End of a broom).
 Aversion—Anything connected with Science.
 Asset—"Essex" — (Pedals supplied).
 Act—Form News Reporter, No. 2.
 Say—It's close enough.

JACK SHAW

Ambition—To be a garbage collector.
 Destination—Coal mines.
 Aversion—Girls.
 Asset—One hot "Ford".
 Act—Nothing.
 Say—Try me and find out.

**KEN SNIDER**

Ambition—Farmer.
 Destination—A trip to the moon in a Morris Minor.
 Aversion—Thistle town street car ticket.
 Act—Trailing.
 Say—Son of a gun.

MITCH SONDEK

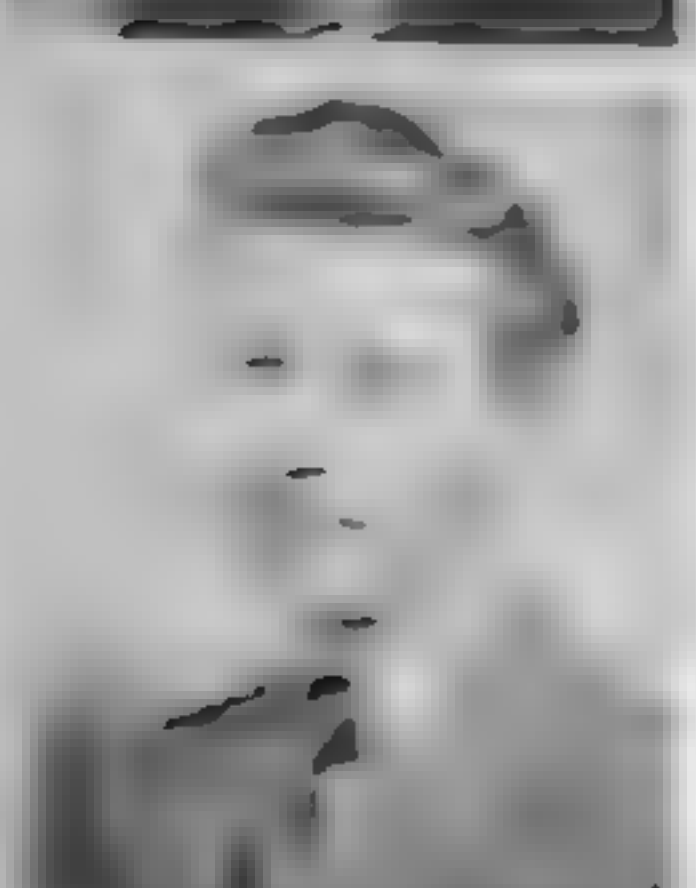
Ambition—Motor mechanic.
 Destination—Grease monkey.
 Aversion—English.
 Asset—One pair of greasy overalls.
 Act—Football.
 Say—I'm busy Mr. T.

**RAY STEEL**

Ambition—Machinist—(Grade A).
 Destination—Poorhouse.
 Aversion—Writing lines for Mr. Haywood.
 Asset—A part time job.
 Act—Roller skating".
 Say—Any corny joke.

MURRAY STEWART

Ambition—Cabinet maker.
 Destination—School teacher.
 Aversion—Machine shop.
 Asset—A dual personality.
 Act—Eating.
 Say—Can we take girls?

**VERN STROUD**

Ambition—Wood butcher.
 Destination—Meat shop.
 Aversion—Working.
 Asset—Cameron's pencil.
 Act—Lying.
 Say—In the lookout for a new girl.

JOSEPH ZIDNER JR

Ambition—To be a Mountie.
 Destination—York Woodworking
 Aversion—Taking P.E.
 Asset—Hydramatic Oldsmobile.
 Act—Roller skating with girls.
 Say—Hello girls.



FORM NEWS



12A GIRLS

Mr. Whiting

Symbols and formulas are his delight,
But for us to learn them is quite a fright.

Marion Aitchison

For 2 years she has been away,
But now she's back, we hope she'll stay.

Lorraine Allen

Lovely Lorrie is quiet in class,
But out of it, she's quite a lass.

Helen Barons

Birds may sing, and crows may caw,
But Helen, she can always draw.

Carol Beacon

Smart in school and lots of fun,
Carol is liked by everyone.

Marie Brooks

Mr. Boynton is not her beau,
Her's is called LES, the rest we don't know.

Margaret Creighton

MARGARET is a basketball star,
She's the best of our players by far.

Betty Eddy

BETTY really is a riot,
She makes us laugh when we should "keep quiet."

Marg Ann Gemmell

On doing her work well MARG ANN is bent
And she's really tops as our vice-president.

Barbara Gunstone

Top marks at school she tries to obtain,
But "ACH" that German sure gives her a pain.

Mary Jane Knapp

MARY JANE is really swell,
And as a cheerleader she sure can yell.

Helen Shewfelt

Pretty and smart with lots of pep,
Helen is our athletic rep.

Gwene Smith

Satisfaction GWEN tries to give,
As from rep. and one of our class executive.

Barbara Fisher

These lines by me have been penned,
I hope I still have at least one friend.

12A BOYS

Al Beardall—Does he use Toni for all those curls
That makes him the envy of all the girls?

Frank Best—How does he get all those women in
his dad's Hillman?

Jim Burgess—Jimmy the Burgess has an ear to
to ear grin,
But how does he keep his figure so slim!

Ted Digel—Ted is a shy guy with no brain matter
lacking,
He keeps Betty Eddy amused with his pencil
tapping.

Graham Grant—Graham is our artist with those
dark rimmed glasses,

In the lab his specialty is nice smelly gasses.

Stuart Harvey—Stew is next on the list, if you
please,

His hair is the colour of my red B.V.D.'s.

Bev. Harris—In the light of the moon I spied on
the terrace,

A box lunch, a girl, and who else but Bev.
Harris. (Who's hungry?)

Don Laing—Don's favorite saying "Never let
your school work interfere with your extra
curricular activities."

Orlando Martini—What is his secret that makes
him oh so popular with the 12A damsels?

Don Redford—12A's cartoonist, was voted as Al
Capp's most likely successor.

Mike Rose—Mike is a great hockey fan.

If anyone can get high marks he can.

Ralph Shaw—Ralph Shaw is a man of means,
Sure to pass while still in his teens-(fifth form,
that is!)

Brian Smallman-Tew—Still is 12A's easy going,
likable day-dreamer.

Doug Shaw—Doug's favorite saying "Many great
men are dying, and I don't feel so well myself."

Ken Tompson—Our playboy. A grand guy who
explains Miss Smith's French jokes!

Wes Turner—He is 12A's famous Conning Tower
Ed.

Though looks are deceiving, there's a brain in
his head.

To write these words has been some fun.

Hope I've pleased most everyone.

—Jimmy the Britton.

12B Girls

An imaginary trip let us now take
Into the orb of our future great.
First we pass into that old "Hall of Learning"
Where Miss Wattie still stubborn minds is
turning.

—Why there's Beth Hoover bent in a book
Trying to give an intelligent look.

And there's Miss Kennedy struggling away—
The "Eve of Waterloo" has her in dismay.

Oh look, hidden in the corner over there
Is Elizabeth Plunkett fooling away her spare.

From Weston High let us now flee
Off to the hospital, **June Vaughan** to see.
A patient?—No!—Head nurse no less
Looking after 12 B joker, poor **Joan West**.
Nothing serious I'm glad to say
And, as always, she's witty and gay.
Another prim nurse in the halls we meet.
Why, it's **Anne Jamieson**, with tray and sore feet!
Looking up she greets us with a smile
So we shall stay and reminisce awhile.
Remember how **Helen Snyder** would doodle away?
A top-notch artist is she today.
And then **Dorothy Macklem**, what's become of
her?
I hear she's a missionary in distant Nagpur.
Why here's **Sheila Semple** out in the street
Say, but her many children are sweet!
Our talk is interrupted by a clamor in the air.
Now what's **Beryl Milroy** doing up there?
A hostess is she,—my isn't that nice!
But you say you've seen **Helen LeGard** twice?
In the kitchen of the stylish "Weston Lunch
Room."
As we peek through a window we watch "Hap"
shove a broom.
So we continue on up the road,
And head for the public school as we were told.
Well, if it isn't **Ruth Gammage** teaching away,
And she thinks the job should be worth more pay!
We now tiptoe out towards the door
To be met by some one not mentioned before.
Marjorie McBride!—Why you're here just in time!
As a nurse you'll fit the occasion fine.
For, **Bev. White**, I'm near passing out,
Writing this verse has been quite a bout!

12B

Neil Alexander—Going steady?
George Barefoot—Nobody knows.
Wilfred Chard—12B's contribution to football.
Maurice Dicks—Good things come in small
parcels.
Robert Douglas—Why so quiet?
William Evans—Is silence golden?
Jack Gunn—He's loaded!
Jim Houghton—"Scratch" drops the basketball
into the basket.
Ross Humphreys—Quiet; a real nice guy, girls.
Stan. Leuty—Small and wise
With big blue eyes.
Jim Lowrie—First in history—always laughing.
Don Macdonald—D. R. M. drives a mean hotrod.
Eddy Macdonald—Doesn't believe in overworking.
Jim Marks—That's a heck of a way to get out
of school.
Bob McConnell—"Foggy"—Why the difference
in French and Geometry marks?
Brian Mielke—Aristo vs. Euclid.
Jack Parish—I always get hooked for these
things.
Bill Pulford—"Pulf"—Good man in Basketball.
Danny Russell—has a hot Ford.
Bob Scott—12A's form rep. who believes in the
layaway plan.
Paul Skelding—Has trouble beating the nine
o'clock bell.
John Smith—The life of our form parties.
Bertram Stewart—Makes farming pay off.
Tom Tomkow—"Couldn't we do it this way, sir?"

11A

What would happen if:
Allatt, David—could read poetry?
Bain, Bruce—couldn't say "nix"?
Beech, Jack—couldn't think of a sarcastic
remark?
Bennett, Mary Jane—came to French class full
of knowledge?
Bourne, Jack—grew to be six feet tall?
Charlton, Wm.—turned out to be a woman-hater?
Clermont, Clare Dale—lost her dimple?
Craig, Donald—didn't have a needle and thread?
Dixon, Carol—got a brush cut?
Fenn, Robert—ever skipped the details?
Flintoff, Fred—pleased Miss Hanlon?
Francis, Bill—could skate?
Gough, Elizabeth—ever yelled?
Hart, Marilyn—left town?
Ingham, Ronald—lost one of his ants?
Jennett, Lorraine—lost her curlers?
Kennedy, James—couldn't Sprechen Sie Deutsch?
Law, Earl—couldn't drive?
Lithgow, Gloria—had stayed in town?
Macdonald, Louella—beat a snail?
Mussmacher, Margaret—fixed her specs?
Peterson, Ann—didn't lend her notes?
Pidgeon, Caroline—came on time?
Prescott, David—joined the Air Force?
Sowery, Mayburn—ever got mad?
Templeton, Jim—Miss Smith called him Jim?
Torrance, Norma—shrunk?
Mocher, Don—couldn't use his hands?
Taylor, Catherine—ever disagreed?
Normoil, Mary—had come sooner?
Snyder, Carole—had lost her pen?
Mr. Clayson—could reform 11A?

11 B

What would happen if you saw—
Peter Armstrong—playing a duet with someone
in 11 A?
Donna Bernath—without a smile?
Marilyn Campbell—riding in a nice Studebaker?
Marylee Conway—cheering for U. of T.?
Patricia Cooke—with a tall red-headed male?
Pat Falby—looking at girls?
Jane Gould—not thinking of Ted?
Ken Hastings—driving a Mercury straight along
the road?
Bill Hodges—without a truant officer behind him?
Marvin Katz—not taking life seriously?
Bruce King—turning around in class?
Bruce Lee—at home early in the evening?
Frances Loftus—without a nice hair-do?
John Macdonald—not finding fun with anything?
Bob MacPhie—liking his seat in Algebra?
John McAllister—without his camera?
Roger Ofield—paying attention in Physics?
Dave Phillips—without his cute smile?
William Smythe—at school on time?
Gerry Stanley—not asking questions?
Bill Stoddard—without his nice personality?
Joan Walmsley—not trying to take a course in
auto mechanics?
John Whalen—with the Monarch running
smoothly?
Joy Worgan—spending a whole week at school?
Maksis Vejins—not making friends with every-
one?



VISIT TO STELCO

Under the guidance of Mr. Whiting, Mr. Gemmell, and Mr. Hands, a group of W.C.V.S. boys from V-12 and 13-AB, who were joined by three girls, enjoyed a visit to the Hamilton plant of the Steel Company of Canada, as a project in connection with their year's chemistry course. All voted it an interesting and educational trip.

Pictured above are, back row, left to right: R. Watson, R. Longhouse, J. Shaw, W. Demmery, J. Dabrowski, B. O'Hara, D. Carroll, D. Brooks, D. Pengelly, R. Halse, D. Hems, D. Land, R. Carruthers, Mr. Gemmell.

Middle row, left to right: Mr. Whiting, Mr. Hands, F. Kainz, V. Stroud, V. Cassar, M. Cameron, W. Robinson, P. Newsome, J. Campbell, P. Cowman, J. Maw, J. Forster, A. Millard.

Front row, left to right: D. Semple, M. Stewart, K. Snider, G. King, A. Hinton, J. Forster, L. Lund, R. Phillips.

FORM TEACHER—Mr. Christie.

Class Committee—

PRESIDENT—John McAllister.

TREASURER—Donna Bernath.

SOCIAL CONVENER—Frances Loftus.

11C Form News

John Ambrose—the class crooner?

Robert Fournier—quiet and ambitious.

Ivan Gough—is never heard of. Well! hardly ever.

Robert Marsh—tall, blonde, dazzling.

Olga Olenick—blonde, petite and sweet.

Peggy Shaw—brown hair, good dancer, available.

Joyce Slater—a sports lover except for tumbling.

DID YOU EVER SEE:

Don Head actually hurry?—

Murray Hilliard stay awake in class?—

Norton Johnston take a class with 11C?—

Andrea Kemmis not eating?—

Joan Knulst when she wasn't fluttering those long lashes?—

Ralph McCormick not laughing?—

June Milling when she wasn't arguing with Draper?—

Dave Plewes on time once a week?—

Barry Stokes at school five days a week?—

Barry Thornley when he wasn't combing his golden locks?—

Robert Thrush pay attention to Mr. Ellison?—

Sylvia Wood get mad?—

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Harold Bailey got a haircut—

Eileen Chapman couldn't talk—

Craig Cribar was seen and not heard—

Carl Draper agreed with anyone—

Robin Dunlop did his own French—

Ed Hradowy didn't mumble—

Don Johnston didn't make a date with Miss Hanlon at noon hour—

Paul Macdonald did his homework—

Betty McGrade shouted—

Don Ord made a noise while walking—

Don Ross lost those cute freckles—

Pat Tavender settled down to one—

Mr. Lancaster, our teacher dear,

Tries to teach us algebra, throughout the year.

FORM PARTIES:

October: 11C's first form party, a weiner roast, was held at Joyce Slater's. A good time was had by all, thanks to Joyce.

The next gathering was at the Ford Theatre where we saw an exciting drama.

November: Spent an entertaining evening bowling, then went to Andrea Kemmis' house. Wish to thank Mrs. Kemmis for her hospitality.

—Combined efforts of 11C.

* * *

Teacher: Now we're going to make this discussion as informal as possible.

Student: Do we have to wear shoes?

10 A

Jean Ashford—The strong silent type.
 Jim (Casanova) Austin—A strange brain so seldom accompanies beauty.
 Arlene Birch—Welcome back after your long absence.
 Margaret Caister—Takes History seriously, the only one in our class that does.
 James Chapman—They say a plumber cuts his hair.
 Joan Clark—Not top in Math, but knows how many beans make five.
 Mariann Coffey—"Dark and sweet."
 Elizabeth Coulthard—A bright girl—dazzles one, in fact.
 Graham Creelman—A boy who knows work as periods between rests.
 Shirley Davidge—Small girl who gave us a big time at our form party. Thanks, Shirley.
 Keith Dickin—A gentleman with many points open to criticism but rather large so we pass.
 Gary Eatough—At "Gaze's" rate of one hundred per week, he will be writing lines next August.
 Ester Flear—Please, no pun on her name and size.
 Joan Fleury—Start the year right, be absent.
 Gordon Gemmell—Jack Benny was furious the day he heard "Gord" play the violin.
 Brian Gilbertson—Likes tea—guess from whence?
 Jack Gilmour—Jack lives out in the "wilds."
 Marilyn Graff—Our athletic rep.
 June Hamilton—Very quiet, hides behind Bill.
 Renee Harrison—She has dimples galore.
 Margaret Joyce—Our LITTLE saxophone player.
 Roma Kaiser—Quiet in class, but not outside.
 Harry Lynch—Arrives at 8:15. Should we tell him school starts at 9:00?
 Catherine McArthur—Favourite saying, "Beg your pardon, Sir."
 Elizabeth Macdonald—(Betty) A friend from Woodbridge.
 Shirley McIntyre—Quick but mischievous.
 Mary Ellen Mills—Our form rep for Student Council.
 Margaret Neely—She has a good time at the back of the room.
 Janet Reed—Slow—but—(maybe)—sure.
 Gordon Ritchie—Says "French Without Tears" was written by Hans Anderson.
 Maureen Russell—No relation to Bob Russell, Please!
 Bob Russell—A man of weight and substance.
 Sandra Sanders—Or it is Sander Sandras?
 Carol Slater—10A's artist.
 Ruth Smith—Quiet as a mouse,—in school.
 Edward Soper—Disagrees with Euclid from Proposition 1—on.
 Ian Thompson—Prefers a back seat in class, especially in science.
 Shirley Ware—Our country girl, with a southern accent.
 Lynne Williams—Talented figure—at the piano.
 Eleanor Young—An all around, good gal.
 Mr. Branscombe—He has been good enough to put up with us so far and we hope he has strength enough to continue to do so till the end of the year.

To the Memory of 10 B

Miss Hanlon is our teacher, a good one is she,
 She tries to teach French to dear old 10B,
 Read on and you'll see why all of us here
 Say 10B is best and runs in high gear.
 Lloyd Allen is the boy who really likes French,
 While for Moore's hockey team, Vernon Evans
 likes warming the bench.
 Next is Mary Connell (in here so soon?),
 She chatters and chatters with little Bob Moon.
 Smart John Bell is the class Book of Knowledge,
 Keep it up, John, and you may go to college.
 Now Marlene Beggs, she doesn't kick up a fuss
 Because she is sitting across from John Angus.
 Here are the two Garlands, Richard and Hunter,
 They look somewhat alike but who is the smarter?
 Although the most handsome is little Tom Bamber.
 Next is Joan Dring, she sits at the back
 Talking to Joan Gould who glamour doesn't lack.
 Bill Dowling is the boy who is quite good at
 History;
 And why Bruce Crawford is so quiet's a mystery.
 Edward Gould is attractive to all the gals
 As well as to his unfortunate pals.
 Douglas Heathfield, although slightly small,
 Has plenty of pitch upon a baseball.
 Marilyn Ingley, though quite sedate
 For someone will make a lovely mate.
 Here is Marvin Gould, a wonderful guy,
 He went out a-shopping, a horse for to buy.
 Patricia King, she puts on the glamour
 And makes all the boys clamour and clamour.
 Yvonne Law, she is rather cute,
 But with all the boys she is never mute.
 Glamorous Jane Longstaff is a heavenly star,
 In this world she'll certainly get far.
 Now who do I mean by "la petite jeune fille?"
 You've guessed it! Betty Madill.

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There's Bill Maynard, a pal so true,
He will loan you his notes and forget that they're due.

Next, Nancy Mowbray, five foot two,
Oh, brother, from any direction she's alright too!
There's Jeannine Ofield, that glamorous blonde
Who is out every evening when her homework is done.

Now James Pender who puts up a fight
And thrills all the girls with great delight.
Edith McCarthy is a smart girl in class
And when it comes June she hopes she'll pass.
Don Pidgeon is a fellow who always is nice,
Along with Clark Pulford, a whiz on the ice.
Louie Reil's handsome, so say all the girls,
Andrew Wallace is blessed with beautiful curls.
Uldis Vagners is quite new to our school,
And Don Trimble sometimes acts as the fool.
Gary Seagrave leads the class with his marks,
While Sandra Stoddart is the victim of some boys' barks.

Next comes Wayne Wood, he can't be looked down on,
And who gets 98 in Math? None other than Ron Vaughan.

Nancy Scott, she makes good marks as a rule
Although Marg. Turner leads the class (in days absent from school).

There is Barbara Snider; boys here is your chance,
And last but not least comes dreamy Lynne Shantz.

* * *

Willie found some dynamite,
Couldn't understand it quite,
Curiosity never pays;
It rained Willie seven days.

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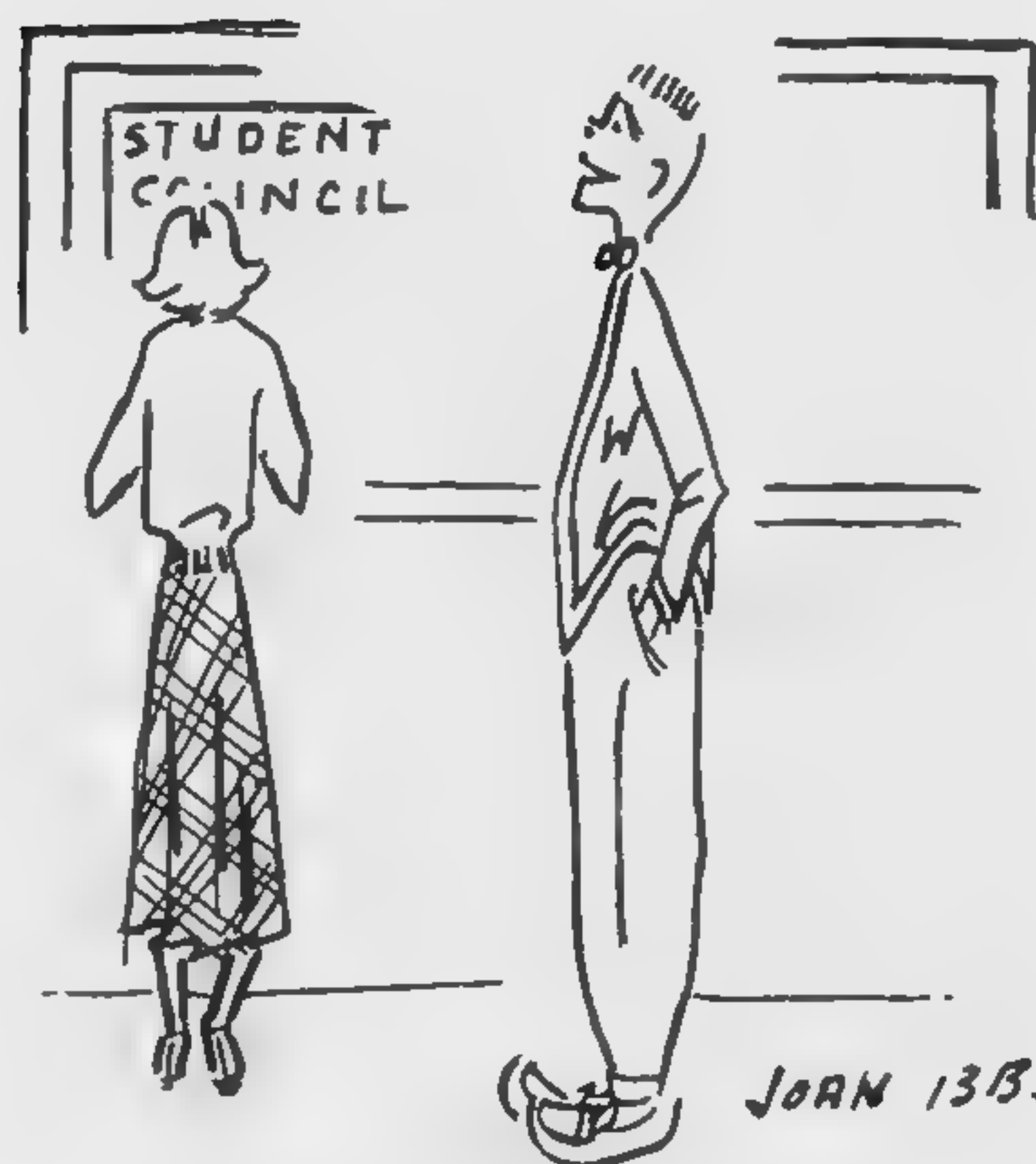
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10C

THE FUNNIEST THINGS WE'VE EVER SEEN:

1. Gail Hamilton playing a depressed Portia to a meek, mild, Bill Taylor as Brutus in Julius Caesar.
2. Pat Partridge arguing with Mr. Burgess.
3. Ruth Culver in Latin class.
4. Gordon Howse at school after his 4.30 a.m. paper route.
5. Bill Plewes.

WHAT HAPPENED TO:

1. Carole Morphett's bottle of ink.
2. Glenn McGuire's basketball team.
3. Ted Freeman, Brian Cain, Jane Mitchell.

THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO SEE:

1. Kathryn Russell's tunic.
2. Brian Patterson making a noise.
3. Donald (Sam) Weller doing the opposite.

THE MOST SHOCKING THINGS WE'VE EVER SEEN:

1. Joan Dixon's hair?
2. Ronny Bates' "book."
3. Tom Adair turning a somersault with shorts a trifle small.
4. Marion Rowntree's shocked face when something is shocking.
5. June Simmons.

IT HAS BEEN RUMOURED THAT:

1. Moira Gill is going to charge for helpful excuses in getting out of work.
2. Erie Ellen ("Casino") Plunkett's middle name is Sybil.
3. Bev Pillsworth liked Miss Carrie so much that he decided to stay.
4. Don McCullough has access to a car.
5. Margaret Hilliard knows a lot you can't buy in a store.
6. Miss Carrie and John Catherwood are going to elope.
7. Marilyn Merritt and Merle Sunstrom like horseback riding on school-days.
8. Hirsch takes "steps" in basketball.
9. Ivan Vanderburgh is engaged to his sole means of surviving—Miss Hardy.
10. Nora Thomson has a friend at St. Michael's.

9A

Miss Govenlock—9A's wonderful teacher.
 Gertrude Aitchison—Her notes are ever so neat.
 Beryl Alexander—If ever in need of a skirt, Beryl has one in her locker.
 Ruth Amos—That's beside the point!
 Shirley Blancher—
 Her writing is very exacting,
 And books are a sight to be seen.
 Diana Bollard—Eng. Lit. whiz.
 Marilyn Burgess—One of our very capable form reps.
 Leonora Busato—Makes that volleyball fly with the greatest of ease.
 Annabelle Cameron—What an athlete!
 Nancy Carroll—Fossils.
 Margaret Cooper—Français est bien.
 Patricia Downey—Takes a keen interest in horses.
 Joyce Fairlie—Oh, where, oh where, is her tunic?
 Ruth Garrett—Quite reserved and so nice.
 Beverly Fournier—Professional chatterbox.
 Norma Glassford—
 Poor Norma has such a hard time,
 To make herself heard at just the right time.
 Barbara Little—Determined to write these exams. Do or die.
 Inger Madsen—We all admire her excellent posture.
 Elizabeth McAllister—This lassie likes laddies.
 Carol O'Donnell—We feel sorry that she finds it hard to get to school.
 Pat Loose—She is always so merry but never bold.
 Joan Parker—
 Our dress designer of note,
 Must refrain from this practice, when taking down notes.
 Phyllis Peters—
 Our very capable athletic rep,
 With lots of zest,
 Has helped our team,
 To be one of the best.
 Lena Plewes—Glass blowing champ.
 Barbara Savage—Contributed a puppy to the hospital drive.
 Dianne Snider—Can you imagine that!
 Maxine Stevenson—Is never lacking a date.
 Thelma Sticklee—Absent? No, just late.
 Marilyn Thibodeau—That's French.
 Wanda Vandewater—We call her Miss 9A.
 Sylvia Vejins—Quite an artist we have in this girl.
 Joan Walton—
 Joan and her jokes have us all in a fit,
 The wit of 9A, we must all admit.
 Dorothy Wilson—Our form rep, our whiz, and a joker to boot.

9B

First comes Bates: Boy! has he got brass,
 He's the centre of attraction in French class.
 Next is Fry; he isn't quite giftless,
 It's not that he's lazy, but he's just shiftless.
 Then is Gailitis; I don't think he's from Siam,
 But if you catch what he says, then you're better than I am.
 Here comes Drewry; "Doc" is the name,
 In English he is sure to win fame.
 Our little lad Stokes with his corny "tee-hee",
 Always picks on Des, the little pee-wee.

Next is Stankus; the brave squadron leader,
 He'll be the devil's chief fire feeder.
 Here is Hollinsworth; with his innocent look,
 What was that he had behind his book?
 We can't forget Sommerville; our "wee Dave",
 I wonder who to him that great brain gave?
 You can't miss Conway; the barrel-boy,
 When it comes to girls he's oh! so coy.
 Now comes forth Yarrow; our rugby king,
 A compass for him would be just the thing.
 Up strides "Bimbo" Kay; I think he's here,
 He usually comes about twice a year.
 Peter Arnold creeps in; he's always late,
 Could it possibly be that he had a date?
 Bob Churchill in Science will excel,
 I think Mr. Smith will soon give him—well!??
 Then there is Brooks; he thinks he has looks,
 He is always well-dressed, and studying his books.
 Here comes our wonder, in all games and sports,
 Of course, it's Bob Pulford, wearing green shorts.
 Into the limelight comes Kirkland; the guy with the hair,
 And as for the rest of him—well! pretty fair.
 After him is Armstrong; the studious type,
 Whenever he answers, he's usually right.
 Another is "Willie," Bill Jennings for long,
 Whenever he answers, he's usually wrong.
 He is followed by Raven, at Math he's a master,
 Of course with the prompting of Mr. Lancaster.
 And now comes Makin, "Denny" 'for a nickname,
 Someone is ready to haul off and kick him.
 Ah ha, here is Bird; the brain-wave of 9B,
 He's in for some scholarships, as you can see.
 A good boy is Lane; the sweet little dear,
 They couldn't stand him in New Brunswick, so they sent him here.
 Here is Stephenson; our farmer dear,
 His answers to questions are not any too clear.
 And now comes Simpson; a druggist by trade,
 In this occupation he never will fade (ahem)?
 Nat is a lumbering man, Boake by name,
 We could here put fame, but they're too many the same.
 Here is Dave Ashton with brush-cut on top,
 We shouldn't say this, but it looks like a mop.
 Up comes Longhouse "Sykie" for short,
 When it comes to History he dreads the report.
 Next is "Red" Gordon, Miss Govenlock's pride,
 When she's on the rampage, he has to hide.
 Maslow is next, our little Lil,
 When it comes to intelligence, he's about nil.
 Then comes a good boy; you guessed it, it's Grist,
 When they gave out brains, he must have been missed.

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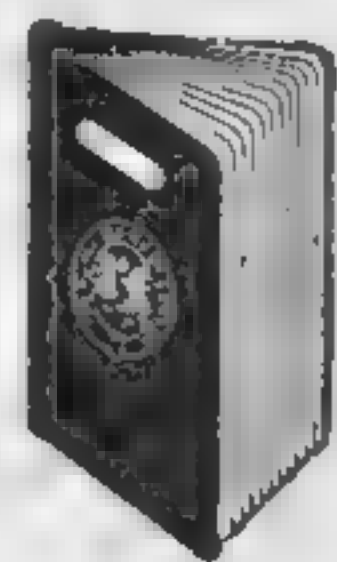
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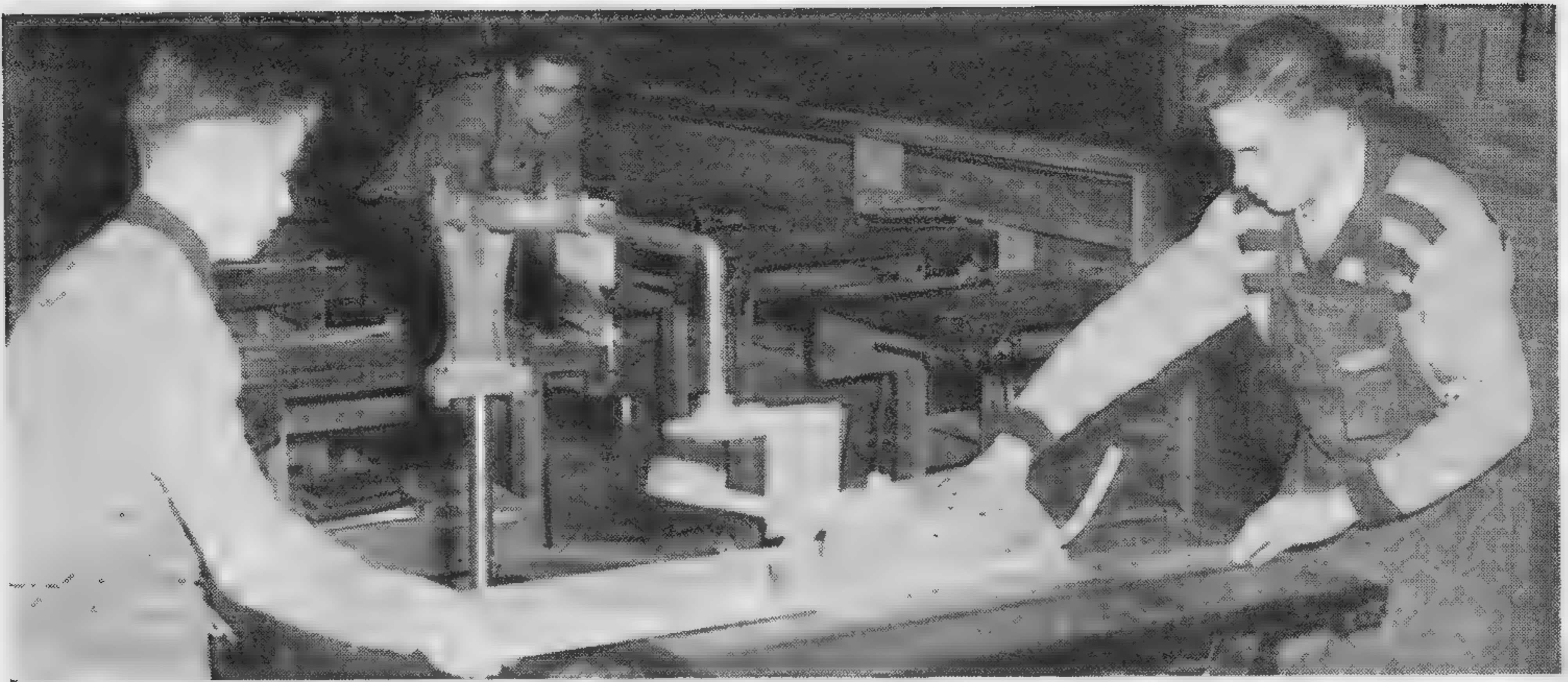
Up waddles Mitchell; the man of the hour,
When answering questions he loses his power.
Why, here is McCarthy; he thinks he is a pro,
But as far as we know he's only a scheme.
And now here is Miller; known as Joe,
Well. . . he's always good for a laugh, you know.
Last is McPherson; what can we say,
We've run out of rhymes. Let's call it a day.
Mr. Burgess is our teacher, or "Benny" for short,
He's about six feet tall and sure is a great sport,
All the class is grateful to him
From big Stankus down to little Bim,
For the help he has given
The dreary hours of school to live in,
And even though his lines are a fright
No-one would dispute whether he is right,
Everyone respects his silent might.
Hetherington, Scott, Taylor and Golder
Are the brainy guys who wrote this folder.

9 C

Doug Jackson—The smiling Irishman.
John Jeffrey (Jeff)—Short, blonde, and grue-
some.
George Kerr—The walking question mark.
Jim Lamb—"The Brain" in French.
Roy Locke—The tomato who never turns red.
Grant Maidment—An invalid who seems to love
school.
Wayne Mielke—The Airforce kid.
Peter McElroy (Pete)—At the bottom of the heap
looping up.
Dave McFarlane—The lefty of 9 C.
Wes McLeod—He's a dark horse who always
comes in.
Alex McQueen—He has a nice big smile.
Barry Reed (Prof.)—The professor he is called;
Before he is 16 I will bet
he is bald.
Ross Mosher—My but my belt is loose.
Buddy Rodger—What a sense of humour.
John Sainsbury—Blow Gabriel blow.
Duncan Sinclair—A gym dandy.
Andy Watson—A lad like the rest of the clowns
in 9 C.
Bob Woods—A hairdo like one of the sharpies.
Jim Weller—The scientific artist.
Mr. Heywood—The kind of a teacher we all adore,
The man with the knowhow right
down to the floor.

9-D

Miss Roots—"9 D! ! !" But we like her anyway.
Deanne Ashwell—Our auburn headed whizz.
Norma Barrett—Blond, quiet and cute.
June Bowman—Nobody minds shovelling snow
except her.
Barbara Bridgman—Our dimpled friend
Helen Brown—A nice kid.
Audrey Cain—She's quiet all right.
Beryl Carruthers—Big and brainy.
Barbara Cruise—She's smart as a whippet.
Betty Drake—Anybody got a comb?
Loreena Drummond—Good things come in small
bundles.
Nancy Ferguson—Went to Vancouver. Smart too.
Virginia Gough—Ginny with light brown hair.



Above, operating a variety saw in the woodshop, are Morley Cameron (left) and Murray Stewart (right). In the background is Joe Zidner.

Anne Griffith—No more questions from you, Griff!

Pat Hawkes—Always talks.

Carol Ingham—Frenchie.

Gwen Kembley—She does anything for a laugh.

Bernice Livingstone—Any relation to David?

Pat Maguire—Slim, trim and terrific.

Ines Martini—Who wants an encyclopedia? Here comes INNES.

Janet McCormick—Very quiet (Oh yeah!)

Janie McCulley—She's gone off to New York.

Donna McDougall—Quiet in as well as out.

Myrtle McVittie—A swell kid who is awfully easy to get along with.

Susanne Metcalf—She sure loves French, Ha! Ha!

Shirley Payne—Just a minute, here she comes!

Donna Player—She lives up to her name.

Barbara Ronald—Our blond bomber.

Margaret Rose—Isn't the only princess.

Frances Scott—She picks 'em tall.

Barbara Simpson—Our good old form rep.

Helen Taylor—Is going to be a dressmaker. Really smart.

Wanda Topper—Very quiet, very quick.

Mary Walwin—Baby Snook's isn't the only one that asks questions.

Lily Weller—Least but not last.

Lorraine Wright—Hey boys, here she comes.

As I sit upon my seat
I tear my hair and stamp my feet.

Trying to find a suitable phrase,

But as usual I'm in a daze.

—Barbara Japp.

C11

Jean Allen, always on the run

Gives our form a lot of fun.

Lois Alway our form rep.

In her school work is really hep.

Cherry Brown is after late,

Some day sure she will meet her fate.

Gordon Chown—The only boy in our classes,

Doesn't seem to mind the lasses.

Shirley Coveyduck has not much to say,

Except she wants to be a secretary.

Joan Cruickshank is our athletic rep.

Always laughing, talking and full of pep.

Kathleen Dobson, a real good pal.

When it comes to sports she will get our yell.

Barbara Grigg, every other week,

Changes her hair styles, but keeps them neat.

Florence Hamilton, from Ireland west,

In her school work is one of the best.

Thelma Heaney, always happy, never glum,

Just a gay and cheerful chum.

Lillian Herrington, from worries seems free,

Because of her happy personality.

Betty Johnston from Nashville comes,

Annoys the teachers with her hums.

Margaret Jones, a browneyed lass,

Hopes in her school work she will pass.

Edna Lorens plays the piano well,

She is a good sport and a fine pal.

Evelyn Parr, quiet and prim,

Doesn't say much about her him.

Peggy Robertson, in the second seat,

A friendly girl, who is always neat.

Eleanor Robinson, lots of fun,

Always has her homework done.

Marilyn Schultz, fond of skating,

Dislikes school, but enjoys dating.

Shirley Usher, sports can really play,

With Bob walks in the halls each day.

Ann Whitmore has a good voice,

When it comes to sports, volleyball is her choice.

June Wilcox, friendly and wee,

Doesn't know what her future will be.

Marie Wray, in the class is very quiet,

But when let out she is a riot.

To the students who have left school:

Joy Anderson, Barbara Banks, Joan Barry,

Myrle Calhoun, Austin Harris, and Lorna Nickle;

we wish you the best of luck in your careers.

Last, but not least,

Miss Mulholland, guiding light of our class,

Wants every last one of us to pass.

C10A

Miss Miller—Form teacher of C10A.

Joan Ashbee—Wow! Look at the figure - - - skater.

Barbara Bentham—Interested in Julius Caesar or - - ?

HARRIS FOOTWEAR

JACK CORNELL Prop.

Phone 11W

—□—

WOODBIDGE

ONTARIO

Compliments of

WILF'S CYCLE and SPORT

EVERYTHING IN SPORTS

Zone 4463

55 John St.

Bette Billingham—Welcome back, Bette.
Joan Bunn—Tall and timid?
Beth Campbell—Her favourite subject—stenography.
Lois Cannon—"and her hair hung down in ringlets".
Betty Chapman—Likes to tease Pat Westbrook.
Jane Cherwinski—Did you hear this one?
Well - - - .
Audrey Clarke—Bashful blonde from C 10 A.
Joan Cornish—Oh so quiet!
Marian Dadd—Does she make those delicious "Dadd's" cookies?
Elinor Dewell—Doesn't seem to understand shorthand.
Dana Dobson—Love that smile!
Fern Evans—Sorry, can't stay to-night.
Ellen Gilles—Where does she go every Tues. and Thurs. with her little suitcase?
Doreen Graham—May I referee, Miss Cornish?
Lynne Hawman—What a sense of humour . . .
Pat Inwood—Lengthen that tunic!
Barbara Kring—Hey Edna, --Bla----Bla---Bla--.
Norma Lithgow—No wonder Loblaw's is always busy.
Violet Loftus—What we do without her?
Catherine Mason—Our attractive bookworm.
Doris Matthews—Never fear,—Doris always has her homework done.
Marjorie McIntyre—Can she roller skate!
Pat Payie—Loves to play basketball.
Sylvia Payton—Here to-day—absent to-morrow.
Nancy Pott—How those golden locks shine!
Dot Robinson—Why was Shakespeare born?
Mary Rotz—The brain from the farm.
Doreen Simpson—Oh, I wish I could but - - - .
Arlene Smith—Hey, I've got another joke to tell you!

Edna Ward—The roving kind.

Pat Westbrook—Good things come in small packages.

Wilma Younger—Short and sweet.

C 10 B

Marilyn Albrectre—Poor Marilyn can't march in time with the music.

June Andrews—June sits and dreams all day about that certain fellow in V 12.

Dianne Bader—What would she do without Jean?

Jean Bates—Why is she always eating candies in school?

Doris Bowes—The only class she likes is P.E.

Margaret Campbell—"Let's skip the last period."

Mary Lou Defoa—Now a "hello" girl.

Joy Dunkling—Our P.E. rep.—that rates her top?

Loretta Dunn—Why is she always carrying that bottle of ink in a vanilla bottle?

Elsie Farrimond—"How about taking a walk in the halls with me this morning?"

Arlene Hayes—Smart when she isn't absent.

Caroline McCarth—"Hi, Marg—whom shall I go out with tonight?"

Pat Hillbrandt—Who does all the talking when Pat's around?

Ellenor Laver—Who has seen her without 90's or did she teach Pitman shorthand?

Shirley McCutcheon—Miss Buell's pet pupil in Geography.

Mary Moulder—Lives out on a farm but has plenty of charm.

Beverly Plow—She is always comparing Runnymede with Weston.

Merle Preston—When it comes to good sports Merle's hard to beat.

Betty Rigby—When is she going to have her tonsils out—or is she?

Pat Thomas—Says he to she "Take a hint."

Orpha Topper—Tall and dark is this lass, but smallest in the class.

Marilyn Watkins—When is Marilyn going to get to school on time?

Joyce Whittaker—Our skating ballerina who is always on her face, but a good sport.

Jean Pivato—is small dark and sweet and when it comes to marks she's hard to beat.

Glenn Chandler—Joy is his best friend except when arguing in typing.

Ron Jenner—The class clown.

Tom Harrold—A small boy but smart is this lad.

Jim Bowman—"I'm always so sick."

Doug Lee—He always has his bookkeeping done for Miss Found—has he not?

Larry Callan—"Dearie, do you remember when?"

Larry Dury—Our working boy at Inch's.

Mr. Scott—All year long Mr. Scott drills shorthand into us. I guess he wants us to pass this course.

C 9 A

I wonder who could be disgusted with C9A? Well you have guessed—Miss Campbell.

In December we had a Christmas party at which we exchanged gifts, sang carols and later had ice cream pies provided by Miss Campbell.

Stewart Antram—Can really make faces.

Reta Barker—Here for a day; then absent for two.

Bill Bochna—Still hanging around.

Shirley Brownlow—"The desk is too small."
 Irene Burlington—Pardon!
 Joan Cabell—Learns something different each day.
 Calvin Calhoun—Sorry he's ill.
 June Campbell—Seldom here and always late.
 Joan Cave—No excuse for being late.
 Bob Clark—Enjoys eating apples in class.
 Joan Coleby—Where do you get those jokes?
 Pat Edgar—Well, Pat, how's Don?
 Elinor Erasmuson—Hasn't much to say for herself.
 Peggy Halder—Walkie Talkie of C9A.
 Shirley Hamilton—Miss Miller, someone took my—?
 Joe Hayhoe—Any relation to Hayhoe coffee?
 Margaret Heaney—Oh! there's Bob.
 Thelma Hutchens—Always forgetting the attendance pad.
 Nora Kelloway—Welcome back.
 Ruth Kent—"Lost my book."
 Anne Kozak—Smiles and says nothing.
 Joyce Lamb—How's everyone doing in V9—?
 Shirley Lester—Doesn't seem to grow.
 Marion Martin—Sure a troublemaker at times.
 Joy McDonald—Oh! who did that?

C9B

Beth Allen—She's a whiz at typing.
 Barbara Barton—"You did so tell me to do that."
 Alice Chown—"Just let me see it for a minute."
 Jackie Christie—The "young un" of our room.
 Betty Cockerill—"Well yes, but . . ."
 Beverley Cordick—"Well last year we used to . . ."
 Betty Cox—She's quiet, but oh brother.
 Helen Cronshaw—"Oh yeah, I guess that is right after all."
 Barbara Dunn—"Is that right, you don't say ! ! !"
 Sharon Goldie—"Boy was he ever cute!"



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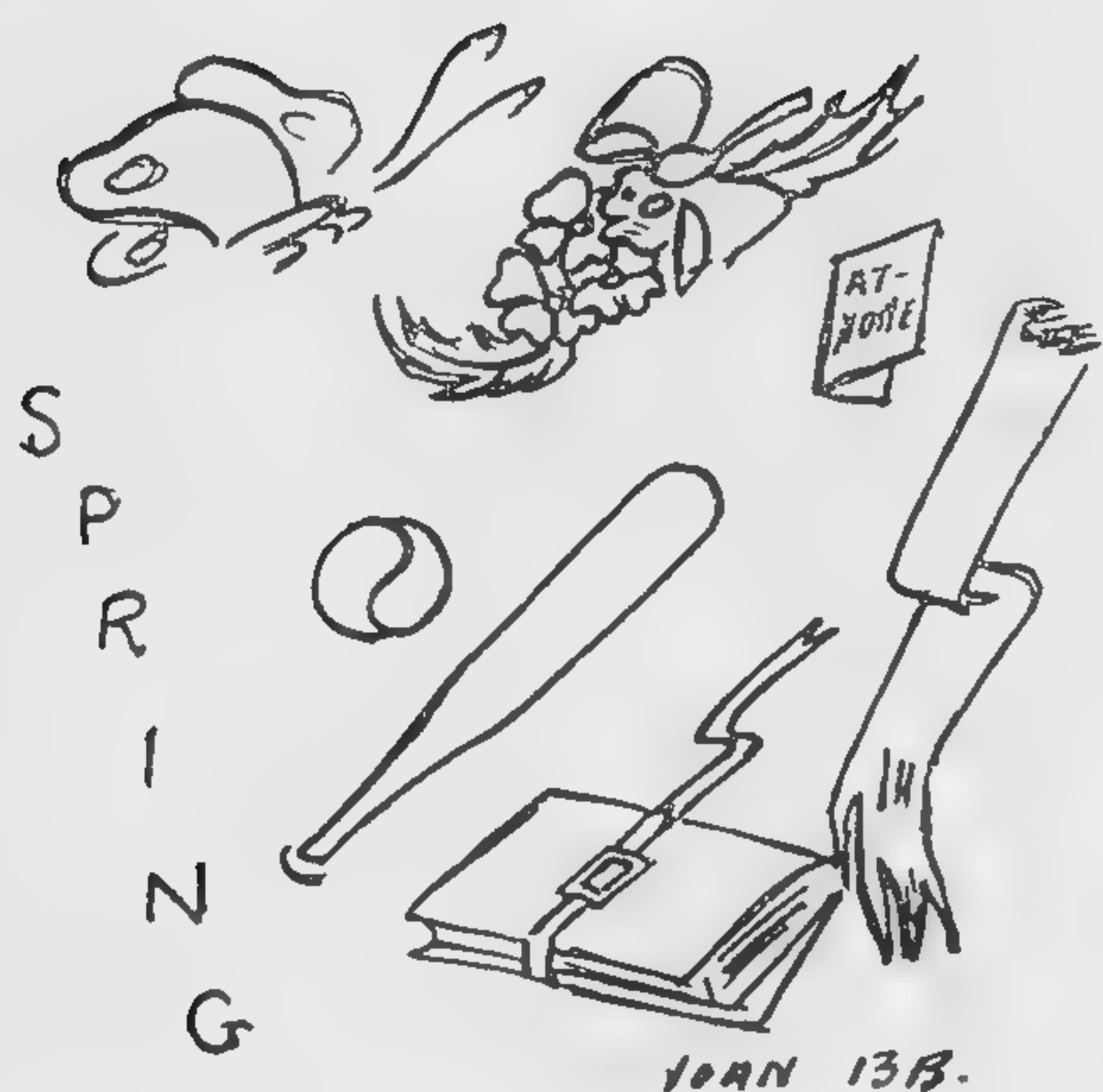
BOOKKEEPING — DICTAPHONE
 SHORTHAND — TYPING

Pauline Hill—"And you know what I mean."
 Phyllis MacIntyre—"Who the heck borrowed my pencil?"
 Marion MacMahon—"Oh this again."
 Barbara McLean—"Loan me your lipstick for a minute."
 Shirley Merkley—"Just wait until you hear this one, it'll kill you."
 Julia Mostoway—"Oh for heavens' sake, who has the answer right."
 Helen Mould—The Walking Zombie of our class.
 Marina Nickle—"Darn it."
 Jean Parker—"And you know what I mean."
 Lois Perrin—"Holy gosh! !"
 Rose Marie Pickett—"What did she say?"
 May Pooley—She has quite a school of fish.
 Georginia Robertson—"Oh, I don't think that is right."
 Shirley Scott—"Why don't you be quiet and then maybe he'll . . ."
 Sandra Schmid—"Well, I don't think so."
 June Sharp—"Boy, I bet she just loves me now."
 Kay Slack—"You can't say that to me and get away with it."
 Marlene Smith—"Well gee whiz I guess so."
 Barbara Squires—The date-bait of our room.
 June Titus—An expert at sewing.
 Shirley Vickers—"Gee, gosh, I didn't know that."
 Rita Vidotta—"I didn't do that."
 Joan Wilcox—"Oh him, he's just a friend."
 Lillian Wolfe—"Come on kids, let's do that just for fun!"
 Janet Worrall—"The brighter girl of our class."
 Noreen Wright—"Look out Hollywood, here she comes."
 Jean Young—"Well for gosh sakes bring your own supplies."
 Miss Cornish—We think she's tops.
 We've had one party at which everyone enjoyed themselves.
 Jean Parker and Janet Worrall.

C9C

Miss Leckie—Head Carpenter of C9C (Home room the woodshop.)
 Agnes Brown—Our dependable form rep.
 Margaret McLarty—They all call her "Mousey."
 June Pentney—One more chance, June.
 Margaret Perry—Love that English accent.
 Loretta Pivato—Always taking her shoes off.
 Lorraine Pope—Daydreams all the time.
 Jeanine Potter—I was late because. . . .
 Norma Rose—Skates at Nobleton every Saturday night.
 Isobel Scott—Her man is tall, blonde, and handsome Willie P.
 Ann Simon—Chums with Anna Kozak.
 Marilyn Taylor — "there's Jack, be back in a minute."
 Lorraine Whalen—Another Weston gal.
 Audrey Wilson—Came from Northern Vocational
 Irene Wilson—Likes J. B. very-r-r-y much.
 Marie Wood—Who is this Ronny guy?
 Diane James—Diane, pull your stockings up!
 Arylene Faulds—Likes Commercial better than General!

Gossip by Isobel Scott!



H11

Marlene Beech—who is very funny; is always borrowing somebody's money.
 Joyce Crossley—who is very kind; her favourite expression, "I'll give her a piece of my mind."
 Elaine Harris—without her boy friend Jim, wouldn't she be grim.
 Margaret Hoy—a brain in our class; wouldn't she be surprised if she stood last.
 Diane Kett—the tall blonde; of history she is fond.
 Marie O'Brien—the fairest of all; it's a wonder the boys don't give her a call. (Phone ????).
 Marlene Perry—coming in early; you would be in a daze surely.
 Mary Saliba—with dark eyes and black hair; not getting into mischief during a spare.
 Isabelle Young—the shortest of all; wishes someday she may be tall.
 Rosie Stilo—I am the lass who wrote this for my class.
 Before I close I'd like to mention Miss Coburn, her favourite expression, "Seats quietly please." Nice anyway.

H 10

Can It Be Possible?

The girls of H 10 they may come and may go
 But I'm sure there are none like those listed below!
 Miss Coburn's a teacher you find pretty rare
 But when marking papers she gives us a scare!

DESMOND'S Service Station

PHONE 830

1778 Jane Street

WESTON, Ont.

Olive Arlow's the girl with blond hair and green eyes.

Joan Bainbridge's laugh you can hardly despise.
 Vina Bradley's cute pins can sure catch attention.
 Isabel Clark's many beaus we had better not mention.

Joy Crone's always saying "My Norman," Oh! Well! !

Mary Dudas I'm quite sure you will think is swell!
 Ethel Guest is quite sure of her "handsome young boy"

Mona Jarvis' Larry makes her jump for joy.

Elaine Pirri is pretty as you're sure to see.

Aldona Ukelis just dreams in "A.P."

And when closing I'd just like to say
 I know I'm no poet but I tried anyway!

—Marian Baird.

H 9

Loretta Bellio—A reliable friend, she'd give you the last drop of ink in her pen.

Gwen Brownsey—Believes in numbering her beaus.

Marguerite Coulson—She'll get ahead.

Lois Cribar—WARNING TO ALL FELLOWS!

Don't kiss Lois on the forehead or your sure

Don't kiss Lois on the forehead or you're sure

Olive Crocker—A good sport as well as being good in sports.

Mary De Falco—Mary's headed for success.

Betty Dowling—This gal has brains but seldom uses them. (she's too busy talking).

Marilyn Drage—OH! NO! not somersaults.

Nancy Esagro—Always on time. (for second period).

Sylvia King—Dimps, H9's brainiest baby-sitter.

Emily Lavalee—Our form rep. (She may not be tops in marks but she sure is in personality).

Carole Morgan—Active and enjoys all sports.

Dinah Mosaynski—A good athlete and excellent student.

Marie Neilson—Fifteen and still kicking.

Marian Neilson—"Big Sister" by 20 minutes.

Eleanor Noble—She should be usherette at the Colony.

Marilyn Oram—"Ted's giving me his pin."

Joan Oster—Never says boo.

Alice Ricci—Would make a good farmerette.

Catherine Salter—Still in first childhood.

Betty Simpson—Hears all, knows all, that's all.

Pat Thompson—The quiet type.

Marian Wakely—Has to get her education the hard way.

Barbara Brookes.

VIIA

These are the students of the Great Form VIIA. In this form we range from Grease Balls to White Collar Men and Tin Boys, also The Steel Cutters. The names of the boys are:

Barton—Bill's saying "What are ya, a wise guy?"

Basilio—Allegro and fill her up.

Breedon—Our antique car man.

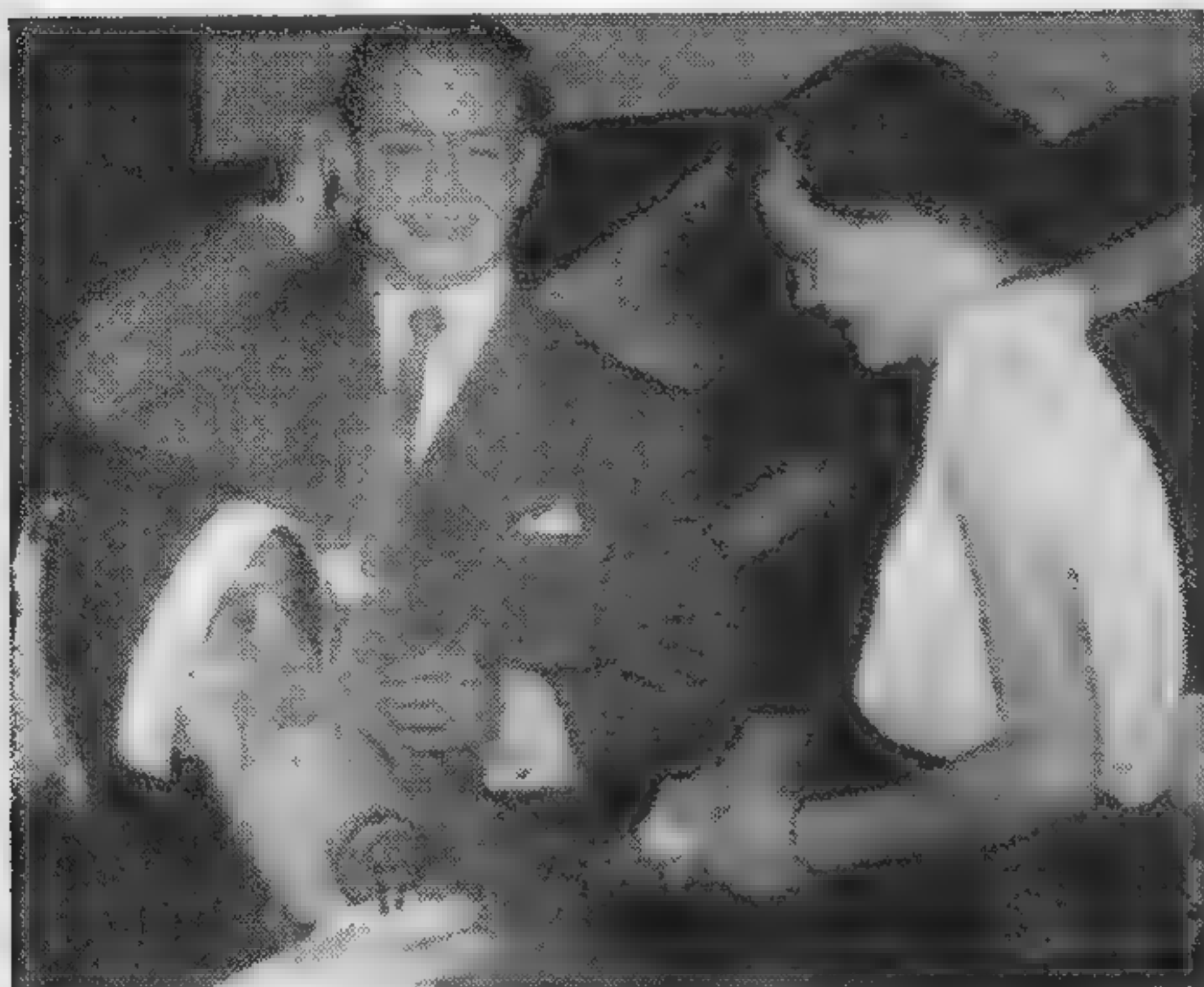
Blakseley—The Argo's water boy.

Burns—Always falling for girls on Lawrence Avenue.

Castator—Service with a smile.

Corbridge—Our tool crib specialist.

Cunningham—Likes taking holidays.



The Christmas Party Mayburn Sowery gets her gift from Santa Claus (a certain Mr. T.). John Forster is M.C.

Durnam—Jean is always after him.
 Donneral—Our Mathematician.
 Evenden—"Hey, Firecracker!"
 Fieldhouse—Farming Mechanic.
 Gooch—The Zoot-Suitor.
 Houghton—The guy with the "Vanguard."
 Price—The Machinist who likes English.
 Pryor—Sheet metal special who borrows pencils in sheet metal.
 Niepage—Stood top in VIIA.
 Ramage—English specialist.
 Snyder—Slow but sure.
 Sunnucks—As wise as an owl.
 Vint—likes following Roma Kaiser around the halls.
 Wilkins—He runs a Bus Service.
 Form Teacher, Mr. Hands—Little man with a Big Voice.

FORM VIIB

Mr. Loney "I'm forever blowing bubbles".
 Aiken, Ronald: He's the boy who won the Battle of the Bulge.
 Alsop, Kenneth: He is rich but doesn't know it.
 Apps, Albert: Dynamite comes in a small package.
 Blotnicky, Ted: He went girling last night.
 Carbis, John: The man who knows all, but won't tell.
 Chadwick, Edwin: St. Mike's strong hold.
 Cunningham, Hart: A tough guy who won't!
 Hill, Dennis: He runs the truant officer wild.
 Holder, Russell: The boy with a brain but can't use it.
 Kellam, Reginald: "How is the Antifreeze, Reg?"
 Lester, George: Gentle George, the Great Lover.
 Miller, Rudy: "Who's the babe you were out with with the other night?"
 Peddle, Harold: Biggest shock in Electric.
 Robson, Ken: Champion figure Skater (on his rear).
 Salter, Herb: The man with the feet, who stands first.
 Silver, Barry: Faster than lightning, and quicker than quicksilver.
 Stewart, Allen: Knows all, would like to see all, but he can't find his glasses.
 Tonelli, Sergio: "Ah, quiet please, Art."
 Zannette, Bob: He's M'aggie's boy.

V 10 A

Basketball Team

Ken Goddard—Our tall centre sure-shot. (He is not to be confused with the teacher).
 Ron Attwell—very tall—helps Goddard in basketball.
 Bunny Skorupa—one of our better guards.
 Bob Sim—our wee little wing man.
 Ken Cochrane—our long shot expert.
 Glenn Titmarsh—long-legged guard.
 Bob Green—our little Denny Dimwit.
 George Screen—our fast wing man.
 Bill Baulch—a good guard.
 Mike Borg—a reliable centre.
 First basketball game score was 24-8.—thanks to Goddard and Attwell.
 Second basketball game score was 26-0.—thanks to Cochrane and Goddard.

V 10 B

Here's to the 39 Fellows of our Form,
 Who always do their best,
 And just hope and pray for holidays—
 So they can take a rest.—L.M.
 Gord Hamilton—Dave Heyworth's reason for leaving school—? ? ?
 Jim Heath—A little mouth-organ for a big guy.
 Murray Holstead—"But Sir, I thought yesterday was Saturday."
 Walter Hood—Keeps the blues on the run,
 By joking and making fun.
 Doug James—A man of great character, if you don't question it.
 Jack Jesson—"Little Butch."
 Bert Johnson—"What do you do with your clothes when you wear them out."
 Harold Kent—"Wear them back, of course."
 Jim Johnson—"A student of nature, he stands at the class door and watches the girls go by."
 Ed Karabin—Rapid Calculator—in Math.
 Owen Kennedy—"Magnificent — What is it?" (some' thing he has drawn.)
 Ken Kerset—Nature Boy.
 Ken Knight—Known to his friends as "Sir Galla Had".
 Bob Law—Canada breeds great men—this is one of the others.
 Jack Leonard—"Er-Uh-I couldn't get a lift, Sir."
 Clifford Love—"I couldn't get the car started this morning, Sir!"
 Larry Mason—Charming combination of Brain and Brawn—"is that worth a piece, Larry?"
 Ron Maynard—Form Rep. for Woodbridge.
 Don McGeein—Romeo of V 10 B. Don't believe it? ? ? Ask the girls.
 John Mead—It rained the day he was born.
 John Meads—He carries only the makings.
 Ron Middleton—Lots to say, but doesn't say it.
 Clarke Miller—"Am I late, Sir?"
 Gord Mitchell—He's a farmer's son, but don't let that fool you.
 Barrie Moir—Sees all, hears all—that's all.
 John Munslow—The little man who's never there.
 Jim Parkinson—Always an answer—but never the right one.
 Gord Pearce—Man about town—when he should be at school.
 Keith Peterson—He's short, he's tubby, he's got brown hair.

Jack Priest—has a small fortune — in cheerleaders' photographs.

Ken Pritchard—The quiet type—when asked a question.

Dennis Sainsbury—"A quarter's worth of coppers, please."

Keith Stoddard—"Somebody mention coppers?"

Cecil Stevens—"The Third Man."

Stewart Slack—Mr. Leuty, may I clean my pen?"

Dick Smith—Always thinking of the great things he will do, but never does.

Ron Smith—When will he run out of excuses for his sports equipment? ? ?

Victor St. Jean—trying to join the Y.W.C.A.

We cannot forget Mr. Gemmell—He's the head man of V 10 B, a great guy with plenty of patience.

To Dave Heyworth, Bill Loveless, Wesley Nichols, Ron Stewart—ex-members of V 10 B, we wish success and good luck.

V 10 C

Clarkson, C. Ross—A good shot with an elastic.

Dainton, Phillip—Our "book worm."

Duke, Ken—Mama's little helper.

Hanna, W. B.—"How about lending me some notes?"

Lamb, Douglas—"Censored"

Lapping, Allan—Grass skirts.

Law, Jack—Class brains.

Maw, Jack—Just loves—science.

Maynard, Paul—Those lovely strides.

Pellettier, Bob—The jokester.

Stewart, James—"Oh! Those muscles!"

Sye, Jack—Please don't "sigh".

Tanner, Bruce—Sleeping hours—9.00 to 3.10.

Toogood, Donald—"Hi, slim."

Tucker, Tom—The fat man.

Ware, Douglas—For sale.

Woolfrey, Roy—The "wolf" hunter.

Wressell, Bob—Here in body? ? ?

Mr. Skinner—Says—"Other than that, it's not a bad job."

V9A

Karl Bryans—Better stop staying away Fridays.

Bill Ashley—Will he ever wake up?

Allan Buss—Form representative.

Roland Dobson—V9A's pal from the farm.

Elwood Dobson—Roland's mother.

Paul Cunningham—Our best auto driver.

Ralph Corbridge—Will he ever stop growing?

Bernard Cassar—Our giant cadet. (5 feet high).

Don Bowles—A good guy.

William Boyd—No relation to Hopalong Cassidy.

Pete Atobelli—Still standing on your head in P. E., eh, Pete?

Doug Andrews—That whiz at mathematics

Jim Pantry—A good sport!

Jim Anthony—Is trying hard to pass.

Gerald Baker—Will he ever stop getting detentions?

Bill Banks—A friend to the girls.

Bill Bruner—Forgets his note.

Bill Breedon—Our sleepy time boy.

Bill Brockman—Likes Saturdays and holidays.

Bill Briggs—Energetic soul.

Bill Brooks—Tries to work hard.

Ken Brown—Likes to eat.

Elwood Bryant—The walking joker.

Archie Bryson—No chalk throwing now.

Archie Bell—Likes to throw chalk too.

Vince Concelli—Our tall handsome man.

Jim Collins—Our snazzy dresser.

Jack Cheyne—Only two more weeks.

Joe Collura—Nature boy.

Donald Cook—Our professor of one mark.

Paul Crockett—Comes a little late to school.

Eddie Czech—Our hockey star.

Bob Day—He can really draw some beautiful pictures.

"Scotty" Duncan—Our 100 per cent man.

"Chuck" Edwards—Finds the questions difficult.

Doug. Ives—The boy who thinks school is a game.

Pete Sessions—Does school start at 9.30?

Arthur Simmons—Enjoy lunch period.

Ken Hill—The walking dictionary.

George Peddle—The boy with the relaxed muscles.

V9B

Gerald Denney—Seldom seen or heard.

Leonard Dixon—How smart can one get?

Bill Everson—Jack of all trades, master of none.

Barry Fincher—The brain.

Stanley Flowers—Blooming all over.

Donald Flynn—Form representative.

Donald Forsey—Prominent artist and inventor.

Raymond Freeland—Our fair-haired friend.

Roy Grant—The smaller the smarter. (He's tiny.)

Tom Griffith—Doesn't say very much.

Ronald Guerin—Boy with all the remarks.

Gordon Gough—"Forget my shorts, Sir."

John Hadlow—The quiet type.

Fred Hambley—Likes the girls.

Bert Hammett—Slow but sure.

Gordon Hanes—Wonder what's in store for him.

John Harris—Looks forward to lunch period.

Elwood Hart—Laughing boy.

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Zipper Binders a Specialty

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Weston

(Opp. The Post Office)

Frank Henderson—Likes Holidays.
 Richard Hewitt—"Disgrace to the Hewitts," says Mr. Hewitt.
 Richard Heyworth—Silence is golden.
 Arch Hollett—Future scientist.
 George Houston—Silence is the best policy.
 Ted Hoy—Chooses small girls.
 Ted Hurst—Our red-headed rugby player.
 Frank Jean-Marie—Noted for his speed in football.
 Herbert Jenkinson—Star tumbler.
 Sidney Jordon—Better late than never.
 Wayne Judge—Practical joker.
 James Kelly—Has anybody here seen Kelly?
 Douglas Kennedy—Gained a front seat.
 Cyril Lake—Plays more than he works.
 Ronald Lawrence—A bright boy at times.
 Tom Leslie—"Hiccups."
 Gerald Livingston—Our friend.
 Jack Long—"Who's got a pencil?"
 John Maarse—Smart operator.

V9C

Gordon Dockray—Prefers Weston to Westun.
 Ralph Langford—Masked Marvel.
 Larry Lee—At school? ? Sometimes! !
 Russell Manning—Angel Face.
 John Mariciak—French Poodle.
 Bob Maynard—"Wanna sell it?"
 Bill Maw—Talks but seldom heard.
 John McDiarmid—Early Explorer (8.30 to 9.00).
 Ted McEwan—"I don't think you are right".
 George McPhail—A second "Buzz Buerling".
 Jim Messacar—Some comedian.
 Marven Mitchell—"Where were you last period?"
 James Mitchell—"Oh, Gee! !"
 John Mizzon—"Is Joan here today?"
 Tom Moher—Our Sergeant-major.
 Ken Montgomery—Chubby speechmaker.
 Mervin Mostoway—May I borrow your pencil?
 Jack Mumford—Slow-poke.
 Walter Murray—A nice guy for staying away.
 Harold Naylor—Mamma's boy.
 Ernie Nicholls—"May I borrow your notes?"
 Bruce Noble—Our football hero.
 Harvey Oakley—Annie Oakley's brother.
 Gary O'Brien—Our chatterbox.
 Pat O'Loan—Our wandering Irishman.
 Garry Oman—Sir Francis Drake.
 Jack Ouderkirk—That's a joke son, laugh.
 Chuck Patching—Thinks he's General MacArthur.
 Rod Patrick—V9C glamour child.
 Bob Peacock—Poet of the year.
 Elwood Phillips—Soft and timid.
 Selby Petten—Mumbles.
 Oswald Pitcher—Fireball.
 Jim Porter—Mumford's side-kick.
 Bob Price—Mmmm! ! Forty-nine cents.
 Frank Quinn—Long John Quinn.
 Douglas Rider—May Poolie's friend.
 George Robinson—Diller a dollar, ten o'clock scholar.
 Richard Austin—Hot-rod.

V9D1

Did you ever see—
 Bob Russell—wide awake in class?
 Charles Stevens—not looking at girls?
 Nick Selvaggio—not being pleasant?
 Fred Salter—with his note book full?
 Ray Steel—not writing poems?

Ronald Starnino—with his baby face?
 Jack Wilson—late for class?
 Ralph Schefter—not acting as a gallant knight?
 Bob Topscott—ever absent?
 Frank Thomson—not playing practical jokes.
 Tom Trotter—without his pen and pencil?
 Joe Tasca—not showing his strength?
 Mr. Evans—not frowning at the boys of V9D1?

V9D2

Paul Whitehead—(choo-choo!) How's the train?
 Bob Walker—class rep.
 Ed. Wisniowski—the brain.
 Bob Winton—always into something.
 Geo. Walford—always smiling.
 Dick Young—English bookworm (but does okay)
 Alex Weedman—don't even know he's around.
 Martin Vesters—comes from Holland.
 Don Rouse—own mathematician.
 Al. Smitten—he goes for the girls (how's Kathy?)
 Grant Wiseman—(lover boy) goes for the girls too.
 Russ Rusywick—All star midget rugby player.
 Geoff Smith—won't he ever grow up?
 Bruce Tavner—our line-writing expert.
 Roland St. Jean—the romantic type.
 Tony DeVries—being absent from school?
 Herb Ward—without his curls?
 Jim Schild—paying attention in class?
 Bill Walker—without the desk pad?
 John Walkins—not looking at girls?
 Jim Yetman—without his cute smile?
 Mr. Baxter—A great help to the boys in V9D2.

1691 Jane St.

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Woodbridge



Above are Pat Devins, the Conning Tower's Advertising Manager, this year, and the members of her staff, to whom a great deal of the credit must go for the book's success. Back row, left to right: Nancy Brum, Mary Jean Kennedy, Agnes Lintner, Irene Cherwinski, Wilma Adair. Front row, left to right: Helen Shewfelt, Bob Phillips, Chas Bull, Bob Scott, Pat Devins.

V9 E-1

Mr. Yeigh—Sympathy to him who has to teach us.

Ernie Bordignan—The worry of the class.

Warren Bowers—Our only red-head.

Jerry Brewster—Small, chubby, always joking.

Rod Brookbanks—The class scientist (Ho-Hum).

Bob Fenton—Always doing what comes naturally.

Bob Gould—Quiet, always working.

Jack Madgett—Mr. Clayson's biggest worry.

Murray Ronald—Always cutting or bruising himself.

Bob Nolan—Has a bike used for two passengers.

Don Nolan—The passenger of the above's bike.

Martin Priede—Our only blonde.

Bill Reid—The girls' favourite in V9E.

Doug Reed—Always borrowing Bob Dowding's science notes.

Ted Tibble—Doesn't like girls—girls like him.

Bob Winson—Very bright in class.

Bruce Taylor—A forward roll expert.

Bob Taylor—A good football player.

Jim Fotherby—Pretty good in all ways.

Jack Snider—Goes around with John West plus girls.

V9 E-2

Art Chafe—Knows the meaning of only the word "sleep."

Neil Chappel—The demon photographer.

Bob Dowding—Can't leave the gas jets alone in science.

John Dring—Gets headaches just before drafting.

Ron Hastings—Never has a pencil.

Ron Johnson—Tall, dark and handsome.

Bill Lawrence—The only really quiet one in the class.

Jim Lawrence—His favourite habit — chewing gum.

Jack Lawson—Starts the year well with rubber bands.

Allan La Rose—Never stops chewing his cud.

Jack Look—Always getting lines.

Ron Tanfield—The one and only brain.

Bill Taylor—Another forward roll expert.

Art Stutt—Never makes it on Wednesday mornings.

John Washburn—Can't forget his definition in science.

John West—The drafting's expert.

Garfield Yates—Very studious.

* * *

Life of a Bushwacker

(Continued from page 18)

the bush but to wait in the same spot until they are rescued.

Strangers always find it queer that there are no trees in or near a bush town but actually there is a good reason for it. Many people have lost their homes and even their lives by bush fires and it is an ever present danger. For that reason trees are never permitted to grow within one quarter of a mile from a town site. In school the children are taught fire prevention until it becomes second nature with them. If a fire breaks out the fire rangers have the authority to force any able-bodied person to help fight it. A refusal can mean the paying of a fine. In any emergency the whole town is mobilized to meet it.

If there is any one thing that describes the North it is the word "neighbourliness." And while the winters are cold it is a country filled with warm hearts. I know because I am a bushwacker myself and like a true bushwacker the North will always spell home to me.

—Arlene Birch, 10A.

"A Sailor"

(Continued from page 21)

for one minute that they were true. Never before had I heard such fabulous incidents told so well, and I was disappointed when I remembered I had an appointment to keep.

My companion took this news with a heavy heart, and we both left unwillingly. As we drove along, he became more talkative than he had been before lunch. In his opinion, the captain's heroism was something to be admired and remembered. It isn't every day that you meet a man as brave as the captain.

The wail of a police siren reached our ears. My friend stopped speaking at once, and slid down as far as possible on the seat. The police cruiser pulled up beside us and signalled me to pull over and stop. By this time, my friend was practically sitting on the floor. An officer and a woman came over to the car. At the sight of my companion, the woman gave a cry of joy. She opened the car door and hugged him tenderly. The officer told me that they had been stopping cars along the road, seeking my passenger.

"He loves the sea" he said, "and ran away to become a sailor. But don't you think a lad of ten is a trifle young to become a sailor?"

Larry Dury, C10B

Public Speaking

Finals of the public speaking contest were held in the auditorium on April 18th, when finalists in the three divisions gave both prepared and impromptu speeches. Their efforts were judged by Rev. C. A. McLaren and Mr. C. Delworth.

The winners were — Senior: 1st, Irene Cherwinski, C12; Murray Stewart, V12.

Intermediate: 1st, James Austin, 10A; 2nd, Peggy Robertson, C11.

Junior: 1st, Joan Walton, 9A; 2nd, Beverley Fournier, 9A.

BIOLOGY TRIP

A group of grade XIII students had an interesting and instructive trip last February, when they inspected a number of exhibits in the Biology Building of the University of Toronto.

Under the guidance of Mr. Clayson, the students saw displays of comparative anatomy and wildlife conservation.

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The Library Staff

Little reward except the satisfaction of a responsible job well done—that's the lot of the girls on Miss Buell's capable library staff. But they play an important part in the smooth functioning of school business.

The editors regret the absence of a library staff picture, but thanks herewith on behalf of the students to:

Roma Kaiser, Marg. Neeley, Joan Cruikshank, Dianne Ashwell, Marilyn Graff, Shirley Payne, Nancy Scott, Helen Taylor, Marg. Caister, Shirley McIntyre, Ines Martini, Pat Maguire, Carol Slater, Betty Drake, Myrtle McVitte.

Marilyn Campbell, Joyce Slater, Adele Patterson, Olive Arlow, Lois Alway, Marg. Hoy, Isabelle Young, Kathleen Dobson, Barbara Grigg, Florence Hamilton, Thelma Heaney, Lorraine Wright, Norma Barrett, Loreena Drummond.

The editors wish to express their thanks to Moira Gill and Norma Wardrope, who designed the front cover for this year's Conning Tower.

Quiz For English Teachers

English, they say, is the language most used,

Most spoken, most written, more cruelly abused.

The plural of **box** we all know is **boxes**,

Yet the plural of **ox** is **oxen**, not **oxes**.

One goose is a **goose**, but two are called **geese**,

But why isn't more than one **moose** quoted **meese**?

A **mouse** and his family are mentioned as **mice**.

But the plural of **house** is **houses**, not **hice**.

The plural of **brother** is **brothers**, or **brethren**.

And yet we say **mothers**, but never say **methren**.

The plural of **man**? The answer is **men**.

The plural of **pan**? Who'd dare to say **pen**?

If more than one **tooth** we'll designate **teeth**.

Then why isn't more than one **booth** termed as **beeth**?

We classify pronouns as **he**, **his** and **him**,

But never, it's certain, as **she**, **shis** and **shim**.

No wonder, then, foreigners nearly go mad
And speak our good English atrociously bad.

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WOODBIDGE

HER LAST FLIGHT*(Continued from page 22)*

screaming baby. She fought her way to the door but overcome by smoke and burns she had just enough energy to throw the baby out of the blazing mass to safety.

Joan died silently, to the accompaniment of the crackling steel and the tears of the people in safety.

In a report later she was lauded as a "courageous girl who kept her pledge: the passenger before herself."

Elinor Erasenuson. C9A.

* * *

HOCKEY*(Continued from page 41)*

In his two years at Weston Mr. Skinner has coached the juniors to two championships. This year's crew was particularly strong; the first line was made up of Larose, Lawson and Dicken, the second of Bob Pulford, Cribar and Eatough while the third was varied somewhat, having Falby, McCormick, Anthram, Baker and Sye alternating in its composition. Clark Pulford and Ed Macdonald made up one defence pair while the other was Don Trimble and Chuck Bull. Last but not least comes goal tender Douglas Lee to complete the picture.

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WESTON

CHRISTMAS DANCE*(Continued from page 32)*

trimmed by the decoration committee, under the able direction of Sheila Semple.

Refreshments were served in the cafeteria during intermission.

The joy of Christmas prevailed at the dance; everyone had a good time and we look forward to another such dance next December.

Thanks are due to the dance convenor, Allan Millard, and his committee for the successful organization of the party.

* * *

Graduating Dance

On Friday evening, April 21, 1950, a dance was held in honour of the graduating classes. The classes included were 13A, 13B, 12A, 12B, C12, H12 and V12. This dance was the first (and we hope not the last) to be given for the graduates only.

Early comers played games which had been provided by the students and staff. These games included cards, checkers, darts, table-hockey, baseball and ping-pong which more than half-filled the lower corridor of the Vocational section of the school. When Eaton's Band Box arrived, everyone was having so much fun that there were not more than about ten couples dancing until later in the evening. For many, especially those who do not wish to spend the entire evening dancing, it was the most successful and fun-filled evening of the school year. Consequently, this year's Students' Council planned a similar "Grad" Party and Dance.

* * *

COMMENCEMENT*(Continued from page 13)*

The Scythes Scholarship in Science was awarded to John Grant by Mr. A. E. Scythes.

The Weston Lions Club Scholarship awarded in the Middle or Upper School to that student showing outstanding leadership in Athletics, Scholarship and Personality, was presented to John Grant and Yvonne Wright at the June Assembly.

Mr. C. E. Conroy of the Weston Board of Education introduced the guest speaker, the Rev. A. B. B. Moore, B.A., B.D., D.D., who spoke on the subject of "Education— for What?"

Following the National Anthem, refreshments were served to scholarship and prize winners, graduates and their friends.

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Time Out for Food

Have any of you ever felt the agonies of lining up in the cafeteria? I have. It is to me one of the most horrible, dreary and boring proceedings that a living person could possibly go through. It starts with the mad rush for the stairway which leads to the Cafeteria and ends with a very welcome seat at one of the long white tables. But it is what transpires in this interval that gets me down.

When I finally reach the bottom of the stairway, after having trodden over at least two bodies, I run directly for the end of the lineup which is usually by this time quite long. Gradually five minutes go by, ten, fifteen and all this time those lucky people who have been through all and won, are proceeding past me. They are balancing bowls of steaming soup or a ham and potato dinner.

Meanwhile the line has never seemed to move, maybe because the sardines have been so tightly packed therein that they are just resuming their original shapes now. When I finally reach the corner from whence I can see the menu for the day, a lovely but very unhelpful friend dashes up, "would I be a dear and buy her a piece of pie and a bottle of pop?" Weakly I agree and slowly inch by inch proceed on my way, trying to concentrate on the menu so I can decide what to buy.

When it comes time to decide, I am in a daze. After holding up the line for approximately ten minutes, the girls are beginning to be just a little impatient: therefore, I rhyme off all the various delicacies which seem to be essential at the moment. Finally I just take my usual: the vegetable dinner, two doughnuts, two tarts, a piece of pie, a piece of chocolate cake and an Eskimo pie. Having my money gripped tightly in my grubby fist I reach out for the "snack", and drop it all. One nickle rolls merrily away and comes to rest under a table, a dime falls at the feet of a kind but very grim-looking teacher and other coins fall at various places all over the floor.

This takes two minutes and the cashier is looking me squarely in the eye and holding out her hand. As I count out the money it appears that I have to put back all but twenty cents worth. So I end up with two sandwiches and two tarts. Triumphant I march towards my seat and I remember my friends lunch! Oh no! Not through all this again!

Have any of you ever felt the agonies of lining up in the cafeteria? I have.

—Barbara Japp, 9D.

Thank You!

Special thanks are due to the senior classes of the Commercial Department for their patient work in typing out the copy for the Yearbook.

Thanks also to Peter Armstrong, Roger Ofield and Santo Martini for their help with the artwork layout.

PITMAN SHORTHAND



SIMPLEST - SWIFTSET - SUREST

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 9)

The Conning Tower is the result of the combined efforts of many students working along with a number of teachers. However, since it is to a great extent a student activity it can only be as good as the students who make it. Every year complaints are heard about various features of the magazine but these faults can in part be corrected by greater interest and effort on the part of the students. The lack of response to literary and art contests has a bad effect on both the quantity and quality of those two departments. Those who are to have their pictures taken should be ready on the appointed day, for these pictures are a very important part of the magazine and if retakes are necessary any delay has a serious effect on the entire project. Written material must be in on time in order that a definite schedule may be followed and deadlines may be met. If these difficulties are overcome, and they can be, the result would be a better Conning Tower and an easier life for the magazine's staff.

However, no magazine is complete without advertising and the advertisers are you friends as well as the Conning Tower's.

Once again, thanks to those who made the 1951 Conning Tower a year book of which to be proud.

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WOODBIDGE

A Previous Week-End

It's Monday again and we're back at the grind,
But school isn't really what's filling my mind,
It's the previous week-end, and all those late
nights,

The dance was such fun and the movie just right.
Then skating and skiing sure gave us a thrill,
When we went to the pond down by the old mill,
And we warmed ourselves up with hot chocolate
and cake,

And sang songs galore until it was late.

Then we plodded on home through the deep drifts
of snow,

As the darkness crept down and the strong wind
did blow.

When we reached our own gate—I woke up with
a start,

For the teacher was yelling "Sit up and be
smart!"

Carol Beacom 12A.

* * *

Helen: How do you pronounce "T—o"?

June: "To".

Helen: How about "t—w—o"?

June: Two.

Helen: Who wrote "Tom Sawyer"?

June: Twain.

Helen: Now say it all together.

June: To—two—twain.

Helen: That's fine. Tomorrow I'll teach
you to say fire engine.

Conflict

It was mid-afternoon when the enemy scout was sighted. We soon ended his career with a burst of machine gun fire. From then on I was tense with expectation, for surely the enemy would know that something was amiss when their scout did not return.

We did not have to wait very long for a reply to our action. A puff of smoke appeared about seventy yards in front of us and a number of others followed to the left of it. The smoke from the bombs seemed to join into one as it floated aimlessly into the peaceful blue sky. My eyes smarted in their fruitless effort to pierce the curtain of smoke that hid the oncoming enemy.

Suddenly, the gigantic structure of an enemy tank broke through the screen and came into view. Panic seized my heart as I realized the plight of the situation. What chance had two machine guns and a dozen rifles against a tank and scores of enemy troops? At that moment all our guns began to fire on the enemy troops that came charging out of the smoke but to no avail. Almost as soon as it began it had ended, and I found myself a poor captured soldier with my hands on my head. And so ended the Mock Battle at the Cadet Field Day.

Ken Campbell

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—□—

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The Cadet Inspection

The annual inspection of the Weston Cadet Corps took place on Thursday, May 3, this year and a large crowd of parents and friends was on hand as Major-General H. D. Graham, C.B.E., D.S.D., E.D., General Officer Commanding, Central Command, witnessed the inspection routine.

The proceedings began with the battalion drawn up to receive the inspecting officer. He reviewed the cadets by ranks, then took his place on the stand for the march-past and the "advance in review order."

After the opening ceremonial, the battalion was broken up into groups to carry out demonstrations in the various phases of cadet activity. This year the demonstrations included physical training routine, musketry training, Bren gun team, parallel bar, first-aid and survey work.

The battle drill which completed the inspection this year represented the next phase of the drill demonstrated at last year's inspection. Last year, a force of cadets made an attack on a defended post and captured it. This group called "Force A", continued its successful advance until it met a stronger force and was compelled to retreat.

This year's scheme began at this point. Force "A" continued its retreat pursued by the enemy, Force "B", but some cadets of "A" set up a temporary Bren gun point to delay the enemy advance while the main "A" force prepared a strong point from which to launch a counter attack.

During the mock battle, the cadets showed their training in such activities as Bren gun, signals, map-reading, and tank-driving. The inspection concluded with the remarks of Major-General Graham and the presentation of cadets awards.

—o—

A BUSY SEASON

(Continued from page 37)

country. At present he spends one evening a week at Falaise Armories in Toronto for practice on radar. Since 1948, Don has majored in rifle instruction. During this time he has served on the school rifle team and in 1950 received the Lord Strathcona award for the best shot.

He is now a member of the Royal Regiment of Canada Rifle Association, a high honour. For this rank a cadet must have his chevrons, must qualify as an instructor and be highly recommended. In recognition of their outstanding work 125 Master Cadets from all over the Dominion attend camp at Banff, Alberta, and Don plans to spend July and August there.

Summer Camp

More than 1,200 cadets from Ontario are going to attend Camp Ipperwash on Lake Huron this summer. Twenty of these are to be from Weston.

Cadets attending are trained in specialized techniques of radio signals, driving and maintenance of army trucks, and senior leadership to qualify for cadet commissions.

All is not hard work, however. The cadets take part in a variety of supervised athletic activity, and can enjoy free movies. Each cadet receives \$60.00 for passing the course.

(Continued from page 37)

Rifle classes take place Wednesdays and Thursdays under the direction of Mr. Burgess. The cadets learn sighting, holding, breathing and the rifle's mechanism. Weston's rifle squad which is composed of twelve cadets has an average of 86 per cent in the competitions. Don Laing received the Strathcona award for being the best shot in school for 1949-50.

"It's an illusion, witchcraft, I won't believe it." This is probably what a man of fifty years ago would say if he saw a walkie-talkie radio.

A class was held by Mr. Clayson on the Canadian walkie-talkie radio. The eight members of the class learned radio talk procedure and setting up for receiving and transmitting.

Morse code classes were held from January to April and seven cadets were successful in passing the six words a minute test for which they received a \$10 bonus and a code certificate.

During the operations scheme at the cadet inspection the Morse Code students maintained communications between company headquarters and divisional headquarters. Members of the radio class communicated with the tanks from advance positions on the field.

Every Monday evening Weston's boys have the chance to get training with the 49th Observation Regiment. The army supplies transportation to and from the armories.

Motor transportation is one of the courses available to cadets. This course enables them to learn truck-driving, safety rules and maintainance.

Lieutenant Gordon King is the cadet in charge of the group taking radar classes. The cadets taking these classes learn radar, surveying and map reading.

Parents Night

Because of the large enrolment of students at Weston Collegiate and Vocational School, its Parents' Night is held on consecutive nights, January 17 and 18. The latter date was reserved for parents of students in grade nine of the General Department.

At this time the parents have the opportunity to discuss with the teacher, the students' marks, personality and attitude towards work. Parents' Night is worthwhile and beneficial to the pupils concerned and helps the parents and teachers to co-operate in developing good citizenship.

CLASSICS CLUB

Something new has been added—to Latin classes that is! This year for the first time, 10A and 10B are enjoying a "Classics Club." The classes are divided into tribes who take turns in preparing the meetings. Talks are given on subjects related to Roman life; games with a Latin flavour are played; and for the lucky 10B's who hold meetings in private homes, refreshments too are served.

The end of the year will find the two grade tens entertaining some of the other Latin students at a Roman banquet and fashion show.

"Quo vadis?" "Ad Collegium Latinum!"

Goodbye, Good Luck!

Of the present members of the staff of Weston Collegiate and Vocational School, five will not be with us when next September brings another school year.



Mr. Evans

Miss Cornish became Mrs. Allan Evans during the Easter holidays and will be retiring from teaching. She expects to be residing in Toronto.

Mr. Evans, (our Mr. Evans, not Miss C's!) is leaving to teach machine-shop in Hamilton, while Mr. Smith has accepted a position as physical education director at McMaster University in Hamilton.

Two other shop teachers are leaving to take positions at Bathurst Heights Collegiate and Vocational School. Mr. Templeton, after 13 years at Weston, is to become shop director there, while Mr. Skinner will teach drafting.

* * *

Mr. Scott: Your trial balance seems to work, Doreen, but look—M. S. P.—\$58.76. What is M. S. P.?

Doreen: Mistake Some Place.

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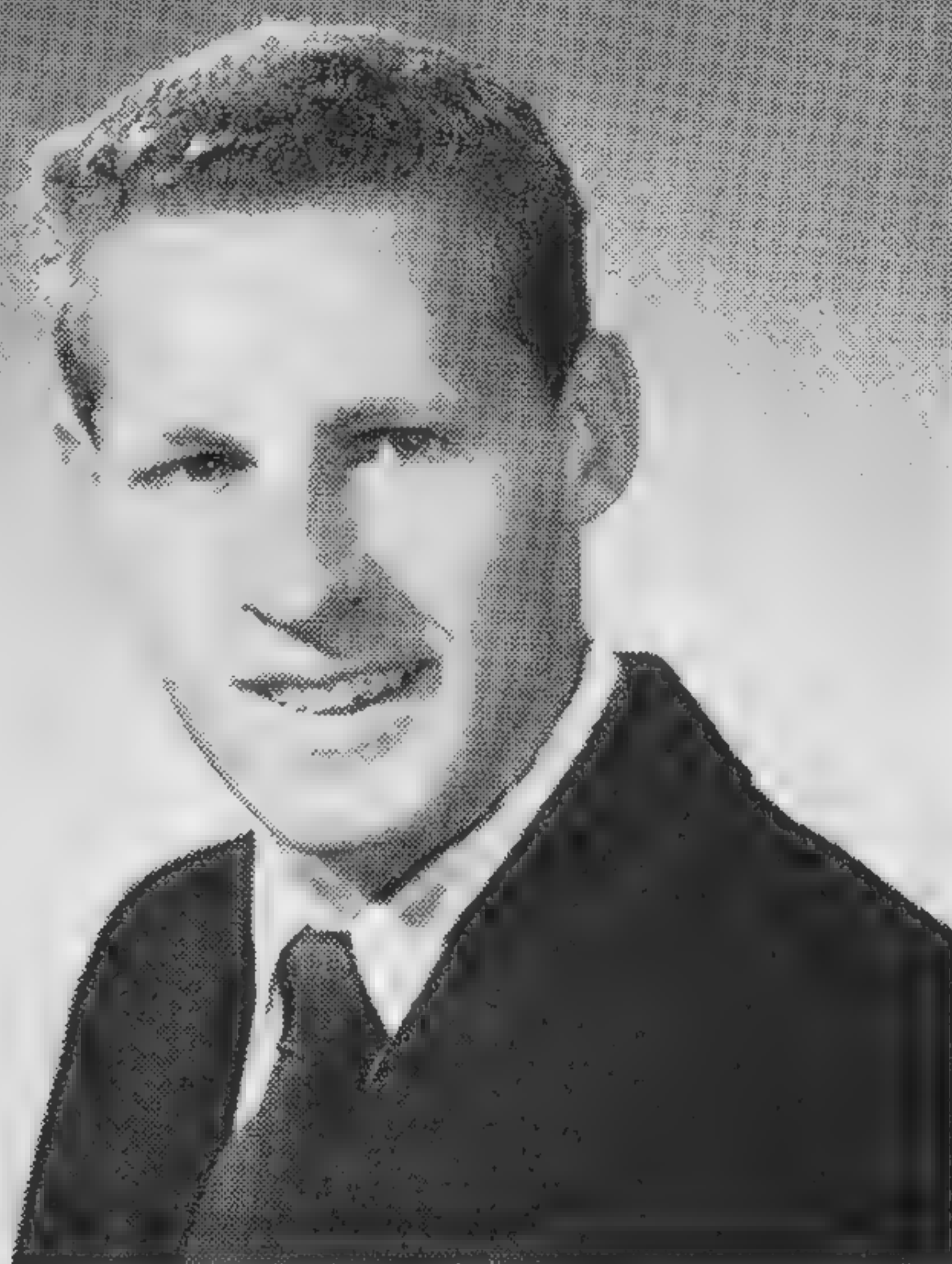
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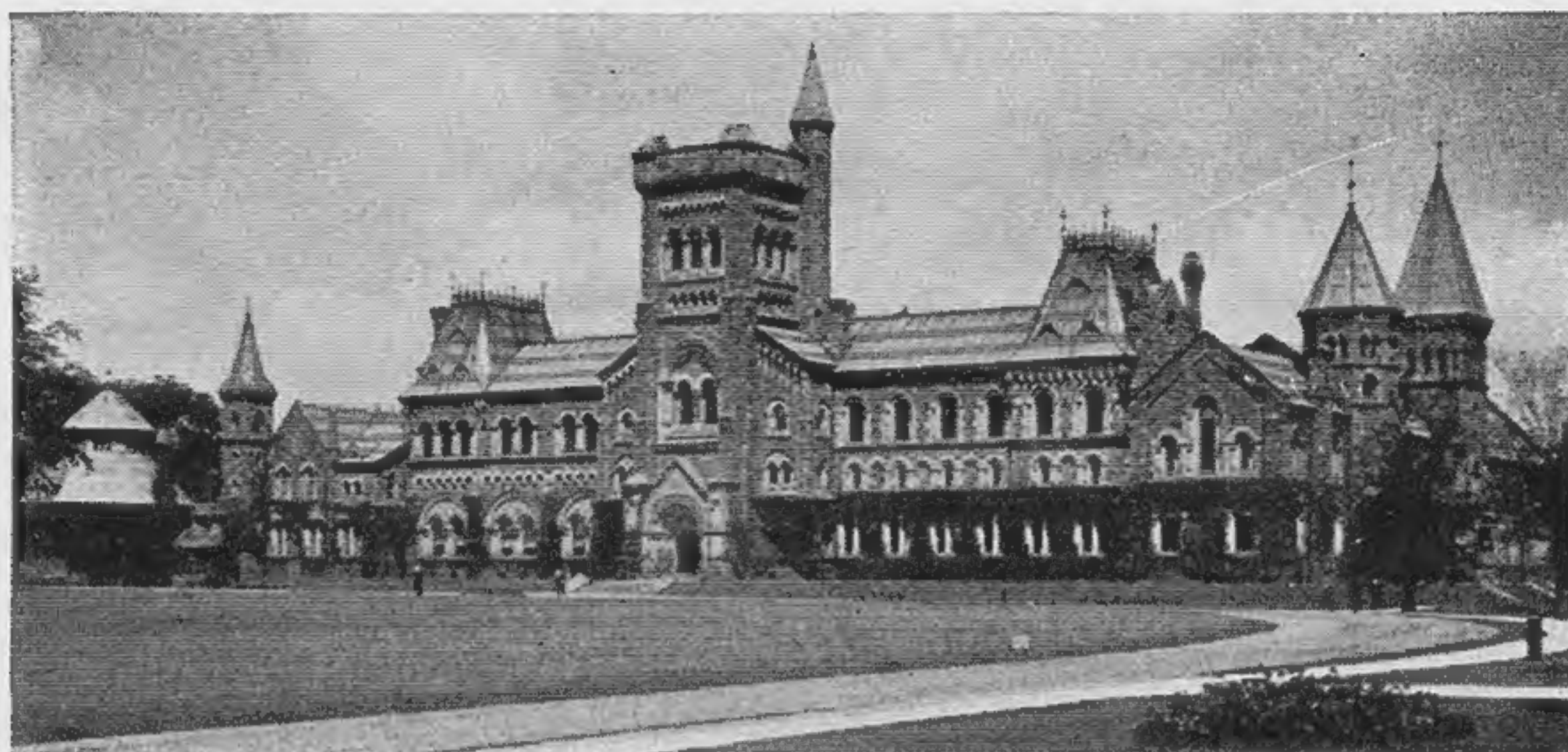


Ray Bedard

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Weston Collegiate and Vocational School

DAY CLASSES

Throughout the school a general high standard of academic achievement is maintained, and graduation diplomas in all departments are issued at the end of four years, by the Ontario Department of Education.

The following courses are offered:

GENERAL DEPARTMENT

Students are prepared for entrance into the Normal school, the Universities and the Professional schools. An extra year beyond the four year graduation is required to complete the course for entrance to these Institutions.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Students are prepared for commercial pursuits. In addition, there is a special one-year course for those students who have successfully completed at least three years in the General Department.

HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

Girls are prepared for homemaking and positions related to foods and clothing.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

A general course for boys in the fundamental skills and practices in Auto Mechanics, Drafting, Electricity, Machine Shop Practice, Sheet Metal Work and Woodworking, is given for two years. In the third and fourth years the student specializes in one subject preparatory to his entrance into industry.

EVENING CLASSES

Evening Classes are offered from October until March, to meet the needs of those already employed. These courses prepare the students for promotion in their present positions or offer an opportunity to acquire new skills. Diplomas are offered on the successful completion of each course.

Courses are offered in:

Auto Mechanics	Woodworking	Cookery
Drafting	Shop Mathematics	Sewing
Electricity	Commercial Work	Leathercraft
Machine Shop Practice	Effective Speech	Art Metal and Plastics

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Chairman, Board of Education.

W. DEAN,
Chairman, Advisory Committee.

E. H. G. WORDEN, Principal.

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EVENING CLASSES

Evening Classes are offered from October until March, to meet the needs of those already employed. These courses prepare the students for promotion in their present positions or offer an opportunity to acquire new skills. Diplomas are offered on the successful completion of each course.

Courses are offered in:

Auto Mechanics

Woodworking

Cookery

Drafting

Shop Mathematics

Sewing

Electricity

Commercial Work

Leathercraft

Machine Shop Practice

Effective Speech

Art Metal and Plastics

A. C. MILLS,

W. DEAN,

Chairman, Board of Education.

Chairman, Advisory Committee.

E. H. G. WORDEN, Principal.

Weston Collegiate and Vocational School

DAY CLASSES

Throughout the school a general high standard of academic achievement is maintained, and graduation diplomas in all departments are issued at the end of four years, by the Ontario Department of Education.

The following courses are offered:

GENERAL DEPARTMENT

Students are prepared for entrance into the Normal school, the Universities and the Professional schools. An extra year beyond the four year graduation is required to complete the course for entrance to these Institutions.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Students are prepared for commercial pursuits. In addition, there is a special one-year course for those students who have successfully completed at least three years in the General Department.

HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

Girls are prepared for homemaking and positions related to foods and clothing.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

A general course for boys in the fundamental skills and practices in Auto Mechanics, Drafting, Electricity, Machine Shop Practice, Sheet Metal Work and Woodworking, is given for two years. In the third and fourth years the student specializes in one subject preparatory to his entrance into industry.

EVENING CLASSES

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